World Review

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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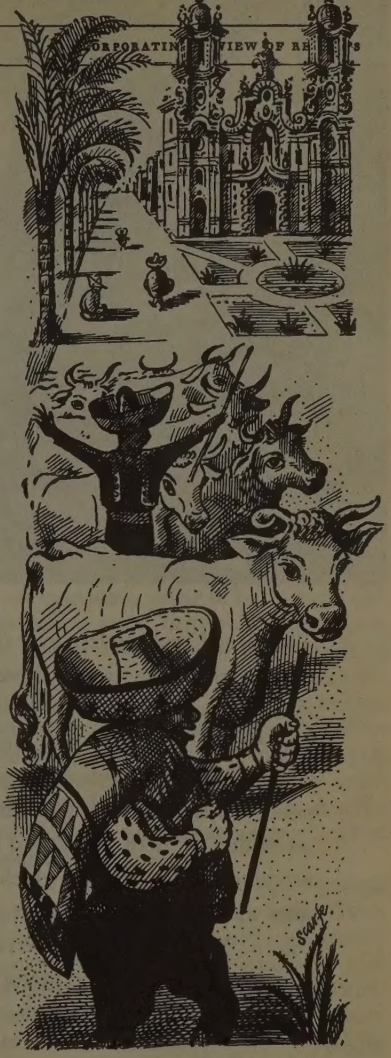

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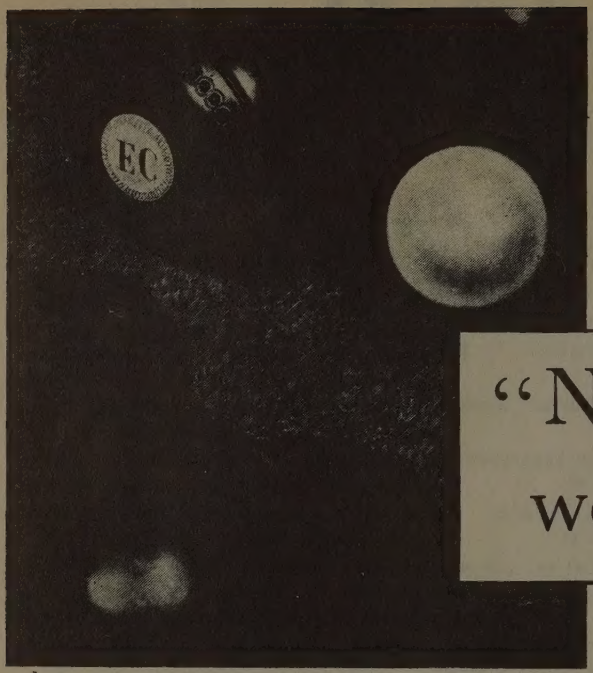
JULY 1942 PUBLISHED BY REVIEW OF REVIEWS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE, LONDON, EC4. CEN. 7400

Subscription rates: Inland, 20s. 6d. p.a., 10s. 3d. for six months; Foreign, 20s. p.a., 10s. for six months; Canada and Newfoundland, 19s. 6d. p.a., 9s. 9d. for six months; U.S.A., $4·75 p.a.



"Nice work!"

The 'wood' rolls gently over the velvet green; the player following its progress with sympathetic movements of his head and shoulders. Slowly it approaches the jack and, its bias accurately judged, 'draws' and "*click!*" — meets it. And remains the present undisputed winner. Its owner relaxes, amid a murmur of approval. "*Nice work.*" Yes, nice work after the day's real work. Pleasant recreation for tired minds and bodies. The game of bowls is one of "those things" which we shall welcome back—after the War is won. The recreations of peace will return. Motoring too will be restored to us. And when it is The Standard Motor Company will build cars for the roads of the post-war world . . . .

The Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry

Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

It is now the beginning of July, and Hitler's spring and summer campaign has certainly not been attended by the overwhelming successes of the campaign of 1940. In fact, at the moment of writing, the war seems to have come to a large extent to a deadlock. On the Eastern Front the Soviet attack on Kharkov was accompanied by a prolonged series of banner headlines in our popular press. This was a great pity since it was almost certain to lead to disappointment. In fact the whole thing became wellnigh farcical; and it was difficult not to become heartily sick of the word Kharkov! The Nazi attempt to attack the Soviet left flank from the south was also soon arrested. At the time when this was happening a somewhat similar deadlock occurred in Libya. Here again it was difficult to get an accurate picture of the fighting from the newspapers. The smallest British success was hailed as a victory which seemed likely to end the whole campaign; and if any of General Rommel's forces were destroyed this was announced as if he would have to pack up altogether. As I write it does look as if all the fighting had got stuck as it did in the last war; and the problem seems to be how to get it on the move again. Because the fighting moved with such rapidity in 1940 too many of us have assumed that the whole of this war would be one of rapid movement and that there was no likelihood of a return to the fixed conditions of 1914–18.

HELP CHINA!

The fierceness and furor of the agitation for 'a Second Front' has somewhat died down. (The Front is now officially accepted in the new British-Soviet Treaty.) The problem remains how to get it started. It is obvious that all the allies must give the greatest possible assistance to the Soviets during their critical period of this year, and incidentally to the Chinese, to whom at no time have we been very generous in word or deed, and who have so far gained little from their new allies, except a big new front in their rear and a belated invitation to help us out of the jam we are in in Burma. There has been something almost Christ-like, or Confucius-like, in the Chinese forbearance from complaints against their allies. There have been few shrill demands for tanks and planes, or agitations for Second Fronts from the 'Central Flowery Republic'.

It is certainly going to be no mean task to land a great British-American force in France. The heavy British air raids on the Rhine are all to the good; but the landing of an army is another matter; and it would obviously be terrible if we suffered another Dunkirk, and lost again all our equipment, the fruit of so much sweat in the munition factories. A series of raids of a commando character are of course a different story.

We shall have to be fairly patient because the great United States force, though no doubt inevitable, is certainly not yet ready. The Americans have a lot of men; but have certainly not yet built the large number of tanks and planes that will be necessary, to say nothing of ships, which will presumably be needed to transport this armada across the Atlantic. Actually, at the present time the rate of United States shipbuilding does not seem to be yet in excess of sinkings.

Of course at a later date American shipbuilding will be on a far vaster scale, and is thus likely to outstrip all possible sinkings. However even a cursory glance at American published statistics reveals that the Americans are not thinking in these big figures until about two years have elapsed. In the meantime announcements that American ships are being 'finished away ahead of schedule' are not somehow very convincing. It is pretty generally admitted that production in America is not yet going ahead with as much fervour as it is over here, and that too many American citizens have still not yet been successful in raising any interest in the war. It is not a question of certain Americans being pro-Axis or convinced Isolationists; too many people of all classes simply find the war a bore, and still regard it as some semi-Balkan imbroglio. It is to be hoped that the very able Mr. Harold Butler will be able to wake up these Americans to the danger which threatens not only the rest of civilisation but themselves. No doubt the best way would be to get far more British business men to visit American cities in the way of their business and have informal talks with American business men, workers, and above all newspaper editors. The personal touch is particularly successful in the States. It might be said that American editors already have access to all the news. This is not the same as having essential facts pressed upon one in intimate conversation.

Our people and our Press do deserve some credit for their really remarkable restraint in regard to American failure in the Pacific theatre. Though it would be wrong to say that we were justified in relying entirely upon the American fleet and air service in the Pacific, and that we did not make idiotic mistakes of our own in Malaya, nevertheless the Americans were regarded by us, and by themselves, as the leaders in this part of the world. Although we lost our valuable colonies not a single rag published any complaint against our partners. This is a sign that we are perhaps still a great people. In fact it was rather humorous that certain elements in America, and also in Russia, seemed particularly angry with us because we had failed to retain our own possessions.

MILITARY PROPHECY

If the fighting becomes stabilised we shall be much nearer to the type of war originally forecast by Liddell Hart. It can certainly be argued that most of his pre-war prophecies have been fulfilled. Not only was he the advocate of an armoured force but he suggested that the part of the attacker would be a very difficult one. For this prophecy he was often assailed; and he was regarded by some as a very gloomy person. Actually the prophecy which he made at the beginning of the war was slightly more rosy than things in fact turned out. Not only could we not 'hang up the washing on the Siegfried Line' but the Nazis succeeded in getting through our own positions. This, however, they did not attempt to do until they had secured far more than the three-to-one superiority in armoured weapons which he declared to be the very minimum required by an attacking force. The value of his suggestions before the war was that, realising that the British and the French had very feeble forces compared with the Germans, he made frantic efforts to get them to adopt a strategy of clever defence. Unfortunately, though absurdly lacking in force, they were both determined to rush forward to the attack. The brilliant suggestions of this military critic would

certainly repay study; and it is unworthy and foolish of people to disregard them because they have some hazy idea at the back of their minds that he is unduly gloomy, when he merely realises that a military adviser must above all things be a realist. Liddell Hart would agree that we can confidently look for moral disintegration in the Fatherland; and that we may be able to end the war by some new mechanical invention.

CHURCHILL NO STRATEGIST

We are still left with a state of affairs in which Mr. Churchill is playing far too big a rôle in the field of strategy. Everybody admits that his courage saved us after the fall of France; but his skill as a strategist is not unquestioned; and in any event it is absurd for him to act in the field of strategy both as judge and as advocate. The Chief of Staffs Committee should be the advocates, or the technical advisers, of Mr. Churchill and his Cabinet. As things are, Mr. Churchill is apt, either himself or through another person, to tell these technicians what their advice should be before they have begun to formulate it. Another absurdity is that the Chiefs of Staff sit in the Defence Committee of the Cabinet as co-equal members. The whole point is that these technical advisers, and the persons to whom they are giving their advice, should obviously be kept quite distinct.

THE CORPORATIVE STATE

The White Paper on Coal is a somewhat disappointing document. There can surely be no real argument against the rationing of all essential commodities. The effective, and startlingly quick, opposition to coal rationing came from sectional interests, including electricity and gas supply companies.

It is right that the new plan for the organisation of the coal industry should be without prejudice to the question of Nationalisation, which is rightly left for popular deliberation when the war is over. Nevertheless the plan which was favoured by Stafford Cripps was the one which should have been adopted. This was a clear cut scheme whereby the owners would, as it were, rent their powers of control to the Government for the duration. The district controllers would be Government officials with complete executive powers. Under the White Paper scheme these powers will be much less clear cut and definite; and I am not sure that we are going to get on much faster than we were before. We have already got a host of controllers of sorts, both for production and for distribution; but nothing has been achieved because so much of the influence of the coalowners has been allowed to remain.

I think that Sir William Beveridge has had rather hard luck over this coal business. He seems to have received most of the kicks and none of the applause for his hard work. I imagine that the true position was that he was requested as an expert to prepare a detailed scheme of rationing and, as an expert, he prepared one; though he probably realised that the general idea might be unpopular. As I have said, there can be no real argument for distinguishing fuels from other essential commodities which must be rationed; and Beveridge's scheme is about the best which could have been produced. Under it the small working-class consumer would probably receive slightly more coal than if there were no rationing. Sir William Beveridge is a formidable example of an older man who is still hale and hearty in the service of the country, and more, is full of new and vigorous ideas.

NEW ECONOMIC REFORM COMMITTEE

LATELY there has been considerable activity amongst economic reformers, and a new Economic Reform Committee has been formed, including Sir John Wardlaw-Milne. These people rightly want to break away from the orthodox financial outlook on economics which has been strangling us these many years. They believe that there should be enough currency in the hands of the consumers to enable them to buy all the goods which can be manufactured. Sir William Beveridge does not pin his hopes to currency reform alone. He is attracted by the idea that the Government should, after the war, become a great purchaser on behalf of the people. Just as in war the Government buys aeroplanes and tanks, so in peace it would buy articles required by the people from the manufacturers. Sir William believes that the field in which the Government should do this work is mainly that of housing. If the Government made itself responsible for providing the whole population with good houses over a period of ten years after the war not only would there be infinitely better home conditions but our economic problems would be largely solved, including the problem of unemployment.

VIOLENT FLUCTUATIONS

RECENTLY there have been violent fluctuations of morale in this country and in the United States. During the winter people here were extremely gloomy. Now, for no particular reason, they are very hopeful; although the general conditions of the war, and its conduct, have not greatly altered. The period of violent mental depression was no doubt caused by a nervous reaction after the cessation of the Blitz, and by the news of Singapore, coming at a time of dark, dreary weather when there was evening leisure to brood over the ineptitudes of the Government. Our present good humour is perhaps caused by a counter-reaction from post-Blitz depression, by the fact that in spite of Hitler's efforts nature's festivals of spring and summer 'have been able to be held', and by the fact that British people in general find it difficult to maintain a constant line of criticism or to keep on harping on the same complaint. We are now back at the position where there is some danger of too much complacency.

OF INDEPENDENCE

THE new Independents movement seems for the moment to have spent its force. It has not yet been found possible to form any confederation of the right kind of Independents. Mr. W. J. Brown caused considerable disappointment by linking himself in a new little independent party with Mr. Cunningham Reid. The good burgesses of St. Marylebone are still in trouble; and the local Conservative Association has by a small majority passed a vote of confidence in Mr. Cunningham Reid, despite the fact that he is no longer a member of the Conservative Party. For some years the inhabitants of Marylebone have been not so much independent as unable to avoid the charms of their handsome member. They seem peculiarly in need of political education, one of the lessons of which should be that the candidate who is full of charm and smiles is not always the best man. At Llandaff and Barry Mr. Lakin (Conservative), the Government candidate, secured an unexpectedly large majority. My spies tell me that Mr. Mackay somewhat spoiled his chances by standing not so much as an 'Anti-stooge' candidate as a doctrinaire

Socialist and Nationaliser. This seems to suggest that, whatever its merits, the doctrine of Nationalisation is not destined in the immediate future to sweep the country. It also suggests that Sir Richard Acland, Bt., is not altogether sound in his political psychology. He is certain that an immediate campaign for the Nationalisation of all businesses larger than that of the ice-cream barrow —Nationalisation to take place at any rate as soon as the war is over—would set the whole country on fire.

PLAN NOW!

I DO urge again the necessity of comprehensive planning for the post-war period—to be carried out now. There is cause for considerable gloom about the after-war period, just because the Government will not get down to planning it now. It should also be realised that the greatest blow to a happy post-war world would be lack of co-operation from the United States. Despite our dreams and plans it is in actual fact the United States which could throw a monkey wrench into the whole contraption. The entire world after the war must be regarded as one great trading area in which countries do not concern themselves with balances of trade. If the United States embarks on a selfish fight for markets the position will become impossible. The American Administration is on the side of the angels, or at any rate of our good selves. Can we do anything to educate American business men? The British are proverbially fond of having their backs to the wall. At the moment we stand in danger of having our backs to Wall Street!

THE TREASURY AGAIN

THE state of the Home Guard remains, like the curate's egg, good in parts. It would probably be a useful thing if certain of its members could be formed into a Mobile Force, to serve in other parts of the country, and if other members could be specially trained as guerrillas; for reflection must show that the whole of the Home Guard cannot really be guerrillas. Meanwhile in some areas the numbers of the Home Guard are absurdly small in relation to the work which they have been ordered to perform. In some of these areas the new compulsion is in practice absurd, because the Home Guard is given a 'ceiling', or maximum number, which it is not allowed to exceed, and which it can easily reach with volunteers. It seems that the Home Guard is also being starved of funds owing to a continuance of the usual Treasury mentality. Some Home Guards have even had to get up Whist Drives and other social junketings in order to provide funds to carry on the war. The same parsimoniousness extends to the new Army Cadet Corps. This Cadet Corps has also been prejudiced by the formation of the excellent Air Training Corps. The efforts of those who got up the Air Training Corps are beyond praise. But long ago there should have been a co-ordinated Government scheme whereby young boys were directed as required into the Air Training Corps or the Army Cadets. The lack of this co-ordination reached its apotheosis when officers of different regiments were sent down to public schools to tout for their individual units.

Another example of the perennial Treasury mentality is provided by the NAAFI. Mr. Shinwell has rightly made an indignant attack on this institution. It has made magnificent profits, which will, some day, benefit service men in the form of recreation and concerts; though probably when the present

Slackers! Jean Addison and Jean Fotheringham of Stirling. Sent to a Birmingham factory, they stayed in bed. Sent to Coventry, during 34 weeks there was only one when they were neither absent nor late. On two occasions away for a full week. Could have earned up to £4 a week each. Finally given 28 days' hard labour. Thoroughly deserved it!

soldiers have passed again into civilian life, or over that mortal bourn from whence there is no return! Surely anyone but an accountant would readily see that what is wanted is not profits of any sort but the best possible service for the soldiers now, at the cheapest possible rate, and that any profit merely represents an error in judgment.

SELF-CRITICISM

We have rightly criticised the Government for its ineptitude. We should also remember to criticise ourselves. There is still too slack an attitude amongst many working people. Some of them are still inclined to think that because of the sins of Dukes, Marquesses, rich persons and 'capitalists' they need not begin to do anything. Just as the Nazis made the Jews into scapegoats there is a danger that the workers may make 'Capitalists' and 'vested interests' into a kind of scapegoat, absolving them from all moral responsibility from prosecuting the war with vigour and building up the new society after the war. One could also wish sometimes that our free Press were a more worthy champion of liberty and democracy. Opening my *Sunday Express* on 7 June I found that Mr. John Gordon was informing me that 'offensives fail'. 'As always in war, defence has developed under the pressure of events to a point at which it can hold and break almost any offensive drive.' Up till now Mr. Gordon's motto has been 'Attack! Attack! Attack!' I will not go back to the pre-war days, but our archivist informs me that Mr. Gordon was one of those *Express* men who told us daily that there would be no war.

Meanwhile we got a good laugh out of the *Evening Standard*. In an important article it informed us that Pondicherry was 'Vichy India', and advised us to look alive. Actually the aptly named M. Bonvin, governor of all the French 'Establishments in India', declared for General de Gaulle in September 1940. The *Daily Telegraph* not only fears to criticise the Government at any time, and encourages the most fatuous complacency, but succeeds day after day in printing four to six pages which contain nothing. *Time and Tide* has been demanding in shrill feminine tones that the Government should suppress Press critics

altogether. The *Daily Mirror* has certainly lost its fire since it was warned; and for a long time even Jane did not take off her outer garments. For some reason the *Tatler* is still extremely popular in service messes; but its own particular style of 'society' journalism is really excelled by the Diary in the *Star*—though I must say that Miss Dot, the heroine of the *Star* strip, is eminently more attractive to me in every way than the *Daily Mirror's* Jane. Alas! the progressive *Star* still finds space for an astrologer, under the title of Signaller. We are still faced with the works of Mr. Godfrey Winn and Mr. Beverley Nichols. The other day a certain ex-gossip columnist gave a lecture to the Navy. A gallant naval officer had to leave the room to be quietly sick.

FAITH

THE speech which Stafford Cripps made at Bristol on 17 May was certainly not adequately reported by the papers. A few people seem to have lost some of their burning faith in this man, just because his position in the Government makes it impossible for him to say exactly what he would perhaps like to say at every turn. Oh ye of little faith! One trouble with the Press is that when it has unearthed a scandal or abuse it will not plug at it; and editors soon think that the scandal is 'no longer news'. Governments can usually ride the storm; unfortunately they know it!

Since the departure of Mr. Garvin the *Observer* has definitely taken on a new lease of life. There seems to be some fresh air running through it; and it is becoming an organ of sensible progress. Its articles on town planning and the public ownership of land within cities were a real public service. Perhaps the best progressive views are expressed in the *News Chronicle*; and Mr. Gerald Barry is one of our most effective editors, because he is one of the most sincere and most courageous.

The June number of the English-language Belgian review, *Message*, has some excellent contributors, including Julian Huxley, and Hector Bolitho and, as usual, some very good illustrations, including caricatures by the Polish artist Feliks Topolski. The editor, M. Paul Weyemberg, was a *juge de paix* in his native land, and on one occasion sentenced the Quisling Léon Degrelle. He served in the last war as a private and lost both legs.

CINDERELLA

THE Birthday Honours List was short. Maynard Keynes, who is no doubt injecting his progressive economic ideas into the Bank of England, becomes the sole new Baron. Lord Woolton becomes a Companion of Honour. It certainly says much for his able publicity methods that he is not only popular with 'the fountain of all honour' but with the people themselves, as was proved by the latest Gallup Poll. This is very wonderful considering he is the man who is rationing the people's food. Augustus John gets the Order of Merit. Not many honours seem to have been given to women. The only outstanding one is the D.B.E. awarded to Miss Katherine Jones, Matron-in-Chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service. Nothing much seems to have been given to the women who are helping to organise the women's war effort.

The knighthood bestowed upon Mr. Alexander Korda has caused a certain amount of jealousy in the film firmament. Surely it is difficult, though, to think of any figure who has done more to raise the British film industry from a

Merle Oberon, the lovely wife of Sir Alexander Korda

position of futility. I have a great weakness for his work because he was the first man to make an historical film, with 'Henry VIII'. Previous to this my suggestion that history might prove of interest on the screen was received with universal roars of derisive laughter. Merle Oberon, one of the few British people to gain an international position whilst a British film star, becomes Lady Korda. Hers is a real Cinderella story, and she thoroughly deserves this honour. Some people think that Mr. Leslie Henson who, apart from his work for ENSA, has given practically every Sunday to brightening up the troops, should soon be acknowledged. The ridiculous face which he habitually assumes is certainly a first-class tonic.

'LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS'

WHEN I was writing some time ago about the astrological service vouchsafed to readers by the *Star* I was going to head it *Not in our Stars;* but I found Mr. Hannen Swaffer had forestalled me. Again I find that the penalty of greatness is that great minds think alike! Mr. Swaffer has again beaten me to it, and used as the heading for his paragraph the one which I had mentally selected—*Sursum Korda!*

Films— an Essential Industry?

by C. A. LEJEUNE
Film Critic of the Observer

It is such ancient history now that most of us have forgotten it, but in the first week of the war the Government closed down all the cinemas in this country, and it was generally assumed that, for the duration, the film trade was dead.

Well, our assumption was premature. The cinema didn't die in September 1939. All it did was to miss a week's releases out of its booking schedule. Within a few days most of the theatres reopened, and the public drifted back to them, a little tentatively at first, with one ear open for bombs and sirens, but presently as a matter of course. Now, after nearly three years of war, managers up and down the country report boom business. Certain theatres, of course, in heavily bombed towns, have been put out of action, and night raids have killed the last house. But many of the casualties have been patched up, and what the box-office loses on the evening show it makes up for at matinées. No, in this summer of 1942, the cinema is very far from dead.

Even the British producing industry, which has taken some hard knocks in the past three years, would seem to have come up smiling. All the available studios are busy, and there is a long waiting list for floor space. Finance seems freely available for British films, and the backing is solid—the war has put a stop to the one-picture companies and the gambles of fly-by-night producers. The American market was never so wide open to British films as it is today—nor was the American bank balance.

Owing to the freezing of United States currency in this country, the big American firms have been left with millions of dollars tied up in the picture business here. Unable to take their money out, they are only too anxious to put their money *in*—into British-made films which will in their turn sell in the United States, and bring the idle dollars back into circulation.

On the face of it, the situation looks good. The money for making films—and big films—is there. The interest is there. The American firms are interested. Our own Government is deeply interested. They have set up their own Film Section in the Ministry of Information. The various Ministries and the three services are freely co-operating with the studios in the production of features. Ministers and Government 'spokesmen' frequently attest their belief in 'the film as an integral part of the British war effort'! High Government officials attend premières; and it isn't long since the King and Queen paid an 'informal' visit to a studio set. The studios at Pinewood, closed at the beginning of the war, have been reclaimed, and reopened as the headquarters of a big, nationally sponsored propaganda drive, jointly housing the Army Film Unit, the R.A.F. Film Unit, and the M.O.I.'s own Crown Film Unit. . . . British films are even being

made in technicolour, which, according to early rumour, would be 'out' for the duration. . . . And Lady Yule has announced that she will award annual 'Oscars' as prizes for British production.

There isn't the smallest chance, you would say, that the end of this war will find the British film industry in a condition as feeble, as desperate, as defeated, as it was at the end of the last one. Yet the chance exists, and is so grave as to be almost a probability. Behind the scenes the most acute anxiety prevails. Two things are threatening British films with extinction: increasing shortage of man-power, and lack of co-ordination and policy amongst the various parties engaged in film-making.

You can't make bricks without straw; and it would seem clear to anyone, even to a mind tied up in red tape, that you can't make films without man-power. Yet day after day the man-power of our studios is being whittled away. Already a large proportion of skilled technicians has been called up. Others have joined the services or gone into war-work of their own free will. With each revision of the schedule of reserved occupations the problem becomes more acute. This summer's de-reservation of all age-groups up to 41 is the most serious of all. For the men of 37–41 are the king-pins of the industry, the men in their prime, the foremen, 'the ace technicians', the heads of departments.

I am told by the head of one of our largest laboratories—a concern handling, be it noted, over 65 per cent of film-printing for the Government—that unless something is done before the summer is out to check the withdrawal of man-power, the laboratories will have to close down. I have heard hints of the same threat from studio managers. . . . Does this really matter, stern realists may inquire? Is there any reason why British film production should be specially protected? Is film-making in wartime a necessity, or merely a luxury trade? Well, that is what the studios and laboratories themselves want to know. They are not asking for preferential treatment. Many of the employees would be doing far better for themselves in other wartime jobs, earning more money, working shorter hours. All they ask is a fair and general review of the whole business by the Ministry of Labour and the other departments involved. The Government, they say, must *make up its mind* whether the film is an essential industry, and if it is, give its employees some reasonable measure of protection.

The expert film technician, whether he works in the studios or in the laboratories, is a skilled craftsman. It has taken him years to learn his job. You can't replace him at a moment's notice by a casual labourer. You may bring in a working carpenter to build a film set, but if he hasn't been trained to studio work, he will build too well, build for a permanency, waste timber and time too. You may bring in a make-up man from the theatre, but ten to one his wigs and his grease-paint will look terrible to the searching eye of the camera. (And remember that the audience will make no allowances; the finished picture has got to stack up with the best that Hollywood can offer.) You can bring in the old-style technician, but then you inevitably revert to the older technique; and who is going to look at the older technique in straight competition with Hedy Lamarr's or Deanna Durbin's latest?

And another thing has got to be borne in mind if the film industry is to be regarded as an essential part of the British war service. We have to compete with our enemies as well as our allies.

Germany doesn't make the mistake of underrating and understaffing her film industry. Over there the film trade is regarded as an essential weapon of war. Studio and laboratory technicians are classed as reserved occupations. Goebbels has been shrewd enough to see to that. At least fifteen crack German cameramen are sent out with the army to make their big propaganda films like 'Victory in the West' and 'Baptism of Fire'. Newsreels and propaganda films sent out from Germany to neutral countries are first-rate technical jobs. The photography is magnificent. Music is stirringly used. I have spoken to Home Guards who have seen confiscated German films at demonstration shows, and they are full of enthusiasm for their quality.

If our Government expects the same results from British films, it must really make some effort to secure a nucleus of man-power. How many skilled men should we need? I have asked a lot of people this question, and the replies are remarkably consistent. About 900 for the studios. About 600 for the laboratories. At the most, 2,000 reserved men in all could save the industry.

Is that an excessive demand?

Consider the laboratories alone, for the laboratories and the raw stock manufacturers are the fountain-head of the industry. There are five major laboratories in this country, and a handful of smaller outfits. These firms together handle something like five million feet of film per week, of which 65 per cent is printing for the Ministry of Information, or training films—'visual instruction' which may save weeks of training—for the services. The rest of the footage is made up of studio printing—almost all, remember, of films with a marked 'democratic' message—prints for entertainment purposes in this country, and 'lavenders' for export to America. This sort of work demands skilled labour. A single mistake in handling a positive may cost £5. A mistake in a negative may cost as much as £400 or even more. The minimum running staff of one of these major laboratories, excluding night crews, may be 100 to 150 men. A great effort has been made, since the war, on the recommendation of the Government, to train women to take over men's jobs. But now the young women of twenty to twenty-five are also being taken away. One young woman I know, the best telephone operator at one of the major laboratories, has been 'directed' to the switchboard at the local village post-office. The post-office employee, an older, married woman, has been sent to the laboratories to take her place. . . . And all this time, be it noted, the laboratories, like the raw stock manufacturers, with their costs up 42 per cent, have not raised their prices to the trade by so much as a fraction of a penny.

I'm afraid I can't say as much for the studios, where there has been a marked tendency here and there to make a profit out of the war. This is one of the things I meant when I referred to our second menace: lack of co-ordination and policy amongst the parties engaged in making films. Shortage of studio space and the various emergencies of war have given a handle for racketeering, which certain members of the industry have been quick to grasp. These people, who jack up prices unnecessarily, make a Black—or at least Grey—Market of their own in rentals and salaries and facilities, but keep well within the law. I am afraid nobody can touch them. I am afraid nobody will even try.

I should like to see these prices pegged down rigorously. I should like to see an austerity cut in many salaries. I should

like to see producers, directors, writers and stars, whose work does not come up to a certain quality test, slung out of the business unceremoniously, before they have assisted at the death of an industry whose sickness has already begun.

There is one branch of the industry, however, that is definitely not going to die, and that is the documentary side. It is a pleasure to turn to the set up at Pinewood, where the Service film units and Crown (late the G.P.O. Film Unit, *né* John Grierson's Empire Marketing Board) are forming the nucleus of a real national industry. Although referred to as 'a Hutterite settlement' by one of its inmates, the Pinewood group is probably the best organised and certainly the happiest and most vital outfit in British film production today. It would be a crime if private enterprise were allowed to oust it after the war. As a training-school for technicians, as a focal point for astute young minds, as an evidence of something native and fertile in the modern British cinema, the documentary group, and particularly Crown, is invaluable.

In the documentary field Britain technically leads the world today. Grierson and his successors, Cavalcanti and Dalrymple, train their young men well. In the first place, admittedly, they were inspired by Russian documentaries, such as 'Turksib', but whereas the Soviet directors have mostly turned their realist urge to story films, the British have gone on developing and perfecting the documentary style. For more than ten years now the Empire Marketing Board—G.P.O.—Crown Unit and their kindred documentary companies have hammered away at their job. The salaries they pay are admittedly not high, but they have provided continuity of employment and a chance for free, unfettered, independent work. For almost a generation alert young people, women as well as men, have constantly filtered into these units, have been trained in all the practical aspects of film-making, and become in their turn teachers of documentaries, or gone on to other jobs.

So far as it is possible for a group of intelligent, determined young people with advanced ideas on art, politics and their fellowmen to agree on anything, the documentary film-makers of this country are working co-ordinately in the present crisis (which is more than can always be said of the commercial cinema). They have formed themselves, as nearly as may be, into a trades union. They make a common stand on questions of quota and call-up. There are, of course, many shades of opinion within the circle. They are fiercely divided over the comparative merits of *reportage* and the humanist approach in documentary.

But in the larger sphere of policy they work together. They share a common sense of social responsibility, feel that the future stability of the world depends on the full understanding of the people by the people. Their fixed idea is to make films which will show the common man of other countries what the common Englishman is thinking and doing.

This is fine, but I should like to see the documentary idea and spirit—not to mention intelligence—extended to a wider field. There is grave danger in the tendency to regard truth in films as directly synonymous with 'non-fiction'. After all, John Grierson, who should know, has recorded that the word 'documentary' was first used, in its film sense, to describe Flaherty's 'Moana'. 'Moana' had a fictional story. So had 'Nanook of the North'. So had 'Man of Aran'.

The Russians, who were our first

exemplars in the making of documentary films, are concentrating their efforts, even in wartime, on big propaganda films with a story. The Americans have been giving us documentaries in story form for years now. Although the personal plot may be fantastic and incredible, the settings and the small types of American pictures are catholic and informative. Hollywood has mapped the country well, without geographical, industrial, or class distinction. We know something of every corner of American life, from the great borax desert to the Okies and the tenements of New York's East River. No Englishman landing in America today, thanks to the movies, would feel a total stranger.

But what has a foreigner learnt about England from the screen? That all taxi-drivers speak Cockney. That all roads lead to Piccadilly Circus. That the population of the British Isles is evenly made up of baronets and butlers. That an Englishman's home is quite literally his castle.

Here in England we have never really appreciated the power the cinema has of interpreting the common people of one country to the common people of another. How often, during these past three years, when I have read in American papers accounts of what the average Englishman is feeling and saying and doing, I have thought, 'If only we had a film to *show* you what the English are feeling and saying and doing.' Just a few modest little documentaries like 'London Can Take It' and 'A Letter From Home' have given some honest impressions. But most of our pictures have shied away from the truth altogether.

Most of our producers, for years past, have deliberately concentrated on films they imagine will 'go' in America. They have attempted to do what they fancied Hollywood would do. They have shown an England they thought America would 'understand'. They have chosen stories with a 'cosmopolitan appeal'. When they have taken deliberately English themes, their work has had the effect of a retouched photograph. It doesn't even look like us. It might be anybody.

Small wonder that so few of our films have 'gone' at all in the States. They are an insult to the intelligence of the people who see them, as well as a distortion of the people in them. This, to my mind, is an entirely wrong way of ensuring an international market for a film. The true international film is the one that is, like the best French films, sincerely national in style. An artist or craftsman works best with the things he knows best, the subjects that are most familiar to him and nearest to his heart.

Of course, one answer is that many of our producers are neither artists nor craftsmen. Another answer is that England and English things are not always familiar to them or near to their hearts. Some of them would be more at home in Prague or Budapest than on British soil. Many of them have never in their lives walked through the cobbled streets of our industrial North, tramped over the Scottish moors, or followed the West Country lanes except in chauffeur-driven cars. Their life is a shuttle service between the Studio and Claridge's, the Ivy, or the Savoy Grill. Small wonder that they cannot put on the screen an England they have never known.

It is time this nonsense came to a stop. It is time writers and producers and directors who really know something about this country were given a hand in films. It is time there was an international diplomatic policy on the exchange of ideas by film, on the sort of things each country needs to know about the other.

I notice that in his presidential address to the annual meeting of the A.C.T. Anthony Asquith says: 'While I firmly believe that the film industry of each country should be rooted in its own soil, there is an enormous amount which we (allied countries) can learn from each other. The film, apart from its obvious and, I think, more than ever necessary ability to entertain, can, as no other medium . . . further strengthen the bond between us by letting each of us know what our fellow-allies are doing and thinking, and thus ensure the greatest understanding and sympathy between the freedom-loving peoples.'

That's fine. The Americans, I note, go even further, and are producing a series of 'orientation films' on 'Our *Enemies* and Allies; and Their Methods and Aims.' I should like to go further still, and look into a future after the war, when the film no longer has to divide its human material 'enemy' and 'ally', but can regard it all impartially as a testament of the peoples.

If the film is really an international language, every country should be encouraged to bring its own film documents to the conference table. The affair should not be left trustingly in the hands of politicians and financiers. It should be a national charge on artists, and writers, and sociologists, under an international committee, to bring to the common store of knowledge the portraits and backgrounds of their own people. There should be no hint of propaganda in the scheme, no political tinge at all, no attempt to coerce, persuade or colour judgment. 'This is England', 'This is Germany', 'This is France', the pictures should say. 'These are the things we do. These are the things we love and believe in. These are the things we need. And these are our men and women and children. How best, and how quickly, can we get together with your men and women and children and make a world that is fit for us all to live in?'

However, first things first. Before we can discuss the part that British films are to play in international construction after the war, we have got to make sure that there will be a British industry to make films after the war. Our Government has got to make up its mind whether the film is a national necessity, or whether the British Government, alone of all major governments, considers the making of pictures unimportant.

In the event of its deciding in favour of the film, it must set about in earnest protecting its interests. First, it must make sure that sufficient man-power is assigned to the industry and *secured* in employment to let it operate adequately.

Second, the Government, those who have made themselves responsible in every other way for the well-being of the people, might very well interest themselves a little in the *quality* of the stuff provided for cinema consumption. I am not necessarily advocating nationalisation of the cinema, although some sort of Government subsidy for production might be no bad thing. This would not abolish private enterprise, but would merely spur it on to better effort.

What I do feel is that there is a difference between the needs and desires of the public and the provisions of the film trade that has got to be adjusted. And any Government which is honestly desirous of consolidating the country's resources and building for a better State in peacetime, must be aware of this discrepancy and might indulge in a little long-distance planning—*now*.

C A Lejeune

The Home Guard as the New Model

by FRANCIS JONES

Who was in the Royal Flying Corps in the last war and is now actively concerned in Home Guard affairs

In the very beginning of things—that is, in June 1940, when the Home Guard was still the L.D.V.—there was a great meeting at Windsor. It was attended, in large numbers, by incipient commanders of units; it was addressed by General Sir Edmund Ironside, then at the head of the new formation. The oration was inaugural in character; the pith of it was that the commanders were to organise their local defences as best they could—and get on with the job as quickly as possible. Each was to do what was right in his own eyes, and would have the backing of Authority for any measure within reason.

The instructions may have been a trifle vague, but the address was far from being uninspiring. Sir Edmund made reference to Cromwell and his Ironsides and the New Model Army; he quoted Oliver's words in a situation very similar in peril to the one confronting his hearers at that moment. They dispersed feeling encouraged; conscious, also, that they had been granted wide freedom of action.

The L.D.V., at that time, was for the most part armed with sporting guns. Its only uniform was an armlet. Its organisation was sketchy (where, indeed, it existed at all), and its activities were largely ungoverned by regulations. From the military point of view it was a rabble: a highly honourable one, with, indeed, many virtues and practical points in its favour—but a rabble, nevertheless.

It had of necessity to be got into some sort of order, and brought into some sort of shape. That shape, because there was no alternative, was the infantry one, and in the ensuing months the H.G. was made into an infantry formation, as strictly as possible on the lines laid down. To many concerned, the bed of infantry training felt somewhat procrustean, and commanders had to sacrifice, naturally enough, some measure of the freedom that they had found at Windsor. But, on the whole, the thing worked. It achieved its primary object of converting a rabble into a usable military force. That something should have been lost in the process was possibly inevitable; in any case, the fact was of little importance for the time being. The future, however, is a very different matter.

The Home Guard can only develop in one of two ways. It can continue as it has been doing lately, on orthodox infantry lines. Alternatively, it can depart—as circumstances seem to require—from that strict pattern; it can consider itself as having successfully passed through its elementary training stage, and as being now free to specialise: that is, to revert rather to the original Ironside idea of putting effectiveness first.

Volunteers. Here the artist's treatment is super-pompous. This standard of drill was probably never attained. George III reviews the 'Armed Associations' in Hyde Park, 4th June 1799

Something like reality. Volunteers hold a Ladies' Day. Wimbledon 1867

Frank caricature. 'City Militia on the march.' Drawn and engraved by F. Grose (died 1791)

That is the choice. Before we consider it further, let us recollect what we know about the nature of the British military genius: its more common failings; its most probable strength; things to be noted for our guidance.

Mark first the value of *innovation* in warfare. To surprise the enemy is to get a long way towards defeating him. In order to confront him with the entirely unexpected, the commander must most likely depart from the textbooks. He should be amenable to unorthodoxy; not only must he be capable of both learning and following new ways of war, but—very preferably—of creating them.

Now our military genius does not lie, commonly, in the direction of innovation. On the contrary, we tend to distrust it, and dislike it. The Briton, when he becomes a fighting man, is seldom an innovator—and that remark holds good for all ranks. On the other hand,

when we do happen to strike a commander with an innovating turn of mind, then he sweeps all before him. It was so with Wellington, and with Marlborough and with Cromwell. In fact, it may fairly be said that all of our really great commanders have been, in their respective ways, innovators.

Let us review one or two cases, bearing upon the above. Our lack of capacity to innovate, and its results, were never more effectively illustrated than at Braddock's Field, an engagement fought in 1755 in the early stages of our operations against the French and the Indians in North America. It was the campaign that ended, in 1763, with the fall of Quebec. On this classic occasion General Edward Braddock found himself attacked by a force that was not, in fact, much more than half the size of his own. The enemy made every possible use of cover. Braddock, an essentially orthodox man, made none at all. It was not the method laid down; he had been trained to a different way. And he would countenance no innovations on the part of his troops.

That is the whole story; it led, naturally, to one of the more resounding defeats in British military history. Before the final retreat, two-thirds of Braddock's force were casualties, the General himself being among the dying.

To take the other side: Cromwell was supreme as an innovator. That, truly, was an amazing man. He came to the Parliamentary army with no previous military experience; he was, further, well into middle age. Indeed, there could have been little about him to commend him to his seniors, in 1642, as an officer of special promise. He looked, perhaps, useful; a M.P. with plenty of money and considerable local influence. That was all.

Yet within two or three years he had surpassed even Rupert himself as a cavalry leader. That Prince possessed dash to a degree that has become proverbial; he had been fighting for years in Continental wars. Yet, with none of his advantages, Cromwell beat him; he was able to do so because he was an innovator, whereas Rupert (reckless as he was by nature) was more inclined to follow well-tried tactics. Nor was Cromwell great only as a cavalry commander.

He was far more than that: he was the creator of the New Model. That was his major achievement, which not only decided the issue of the Civil War but may be held to have determined the course of the nation throughout the period of the Commonwealth.

We must examine the New Model further. It is of particular interest to us.

At a very early stage in the Civil War Cromwell realised that drastic changes would have to be made in the Parliamentarian military machine. It is more than probable that the thought came to him during the very first action, that of Edgehill. His appreciation of the situation was remarkably exact: he saw that unless the army were vastly improved his side was bound to lose. It possessed, certainly, some material advantages, but in Cromwell's view its men were worse than poor. The only thing, he felt, was to remodel the force: its case was too bad for mere tinkering. So, when opportunity came, he made a clean break with orthodoxy, and produced the New Model.

That innovation was, quite arguably, the most successful experiment in British military history. And the victorious army, which changed the fate of the country, was created by an amateur soldier, elderly as well as inexperienced, out of a particularly unpromising mob.

Applied to the Home Guard, the moral of all this is obvious. There is a danger (since the thing is characteristic of us) that the effectiveness of the new force may be limited to too strict an adherence to orthodoxy, particularly of the infantry pattern. It might be misled by the Braddocks of the present generation. Alternatively, the Home Guard could become another New Model. Reorganised on the basis of effectiveness first, it might be destined to play a part in history of far greater importance than that played by Cromwell's army.

Those are the possibilities. There is the choice.

There is a very strong primary case for treating the Home Guard as a New Model, for the reason that it is, in fact, a new *sort* of army for us. Its members are volunteers and part-timers; their activities are strictly localised. All these things are military novelties (at any rate in twentieth-century Britain), and not all the old military rules can be expected to apply. Let me now try briefly to indicate the most promising lines for this (as I think) necessary innovation.

First, the infantry concept. The bulk of the Home Guard will have to remain —by stern necessity—foot-soldiers. But, where local circumstances make it desirable and possible, units should be mounted, or serve otherwise than as infantry—manning guns, for example, or searchlights. There must be entire freedom in that matter. That freedom can indeed be said to exist now, but only in a measure, as it is handicapped in its development by the extreme infantry-mindedness common in all ranks of the Home Guard.

Secondly, *organisation*. The battalion formation, of companies, platoons, and sections, is suitable enough for the towns, but not for the villages. It may be workable, but it is a stupid arrangement in view of the conditions. Therefore it should go. Every unit should be an independent command.

Then *manning*. The cadet organisation, such as it is, is grievously hampered by red tape. All that should go: any boy should be enabled to enrol, anywhere, without formality. At the other end of the scale a Home Guard Reserve is badly wanted, both for men who are over age and for those whose work prevents them from attending more than a very occasional parade. And why does not the Home Guard make more use of women—or, rather, recognise the work they are already doing for it? There seems to be a demand for a Women's Home Guard, and if so its formation should be speeded up.

As to *equipment*, nothing really needs to be said about the matter of arms, save that home-made weapons are obviously better than none at all. What does need pointing out (since it is less generally understood) is the Home Guard's need of vehicles, from bicycles to armoured cars. As to clothing, I will say nothing: it is completely unimportant, provided only that the individual is comfortable.

To summarise: what I hope is that the Home Guard will develop into a superior kind of soldiery. My fear is that it may be allowed to become merely an inferior sort of infantry. Here, I can only fervently repeat the prayer of an even greater commander than Cromwell: Wellington himself. It was that 'the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert'.

Science and Production

by JOHN HARLEY-MASON

An inquiry into waste in scientific research

How to increase the production of vital war materials and supplies, both for ourselves and for our allies, is the most pressing problem of today. As success in war has become more and more a matter of machine-power, so the rôle of the scientist in war has increased in importance, and we are now in a position in which it is essential that our scientists should have the maximum opportunities of contributing to the war effort. Many students and scientists are today asking themselves whether their knowledge, training and abilities are being used in the most useful way, and are obliged to answer, No.

Why is this and what is the remedy? First we have the question of secrecy and patent rights—a necessary concomitant of a system in which private firms work competitively on research problems. Four or five firms each have a team of workers engaged on the same problem, each firm hoping to get its patent in first or secure a government contract. This waste of labour was irrational in peacetime; in war it is criminal. True, the Ministry of Supply has made some sort of attempt at the pooling of information by arranging conferences between representatives of firms engaged on war research, but with what result? Very little, for the representatives are in most cases men from the commercial, rather than the research, side of the business and they will give nothing away to their competitors. If the research workers themselves were to get together, there is no doubt that much time and labour could be saved. Many industrial scientists are fully aware of this, and while actively disapproving of the present situation, are able to do very little about it owing to the secrecy clauses in their contracts, which would lay them open to prosecution for action which would undoubtedly do much to help the war effort!

Obviously there is a most urgent need for better co-ordination; if private firms will not co-operate, then the Ministry must take action. A step in the right direction is the recent amalgamation, for research purposes only, of six of the leading British drug manufacturers to form the Therapeutics Research Corporation. More steps like this are necessary,

PROFESSOR LINDEMAN, *now the first Baron Cherwell, Mr. Churchill's special scientific adviser*

particularly in the electrical industry. Mention of this industry, now playing a leading part in war production, brings us to a second point: too many scientists at present feel that their abilities are being wasted because they are either doing essential work for which they are not suited or work having insufficient bearing on the war.

Again, in the university laboratories, far too much academic work is still being done. For instance, last November's issue of the *Journal of the Chemical Society*, a publication entirely devoted to pure research in chemistry, was as large as in 1938, and of its fourteen scientific papers not one has any connection with war research —with the possible exception of one having some bearing on medical research.

The Official Secrets Act does much to prevent personal discussions between scientific workers which are so helpful in research. It seems to me that the root cause of the unsatisfactory state of scientific research prevailing at the moment is largely inherent in the personnel of the government. Many people have heard the true story of the Minister of Aircraft Production who, having issued an appeal to housewives to sacrifice their aluminium saucepans, did not know that bauxite was the ore from which the metal was obtained! Similar ignorance pervades many other departments, with most unfortunate results. Of course, the departments concerned have their scientific advisers, but the complete lack of scientific knowledge and training of the men at the top makes the advisers' work thankless. For instance, it is quite useless to submit a report containing a few simple chemical formulæ or a little elementary algebra to the head of a department, as the individual concerned would probably be unable to follow it.

Here we could learn a lot from our ally the Soviet Union. Lenin himself set the example; in the period of his exile he made a deep study of contemporary science and was fully alive to the important part that science, and hence scientific education, was to play in building the new Russia. Nowadays every student of history, economics and politics at the Sverdlov University is obliged to spend at least one year in the study of pure and applied science.

But granted the general and lamentable state of scientific ignorance which does exist in government circles, what is to be done *now* towards a solution of the problems? Scientists must organise together on a common programme, demanding some scheme, perhaps only for the duration, by which competitive research and patent secrecy can be obviated. Scientists in university laboratories must turn over to war problems, even though it is frequently hard to find a piece of war research worth doing—so unsatisfactory is the present state of central research planning. Industrial scientists must co-operate with shop stewards on joint workers and managements production committees, so that at least local problems may be solved.

On a national scale, the Association of Scientific Workers—the scientists' trade union—has already done much, particularly in the field of propaganda, by raising the issues referred to, with government departments and at scientific congresses. At the beginning of this year the Association organised a two-day conference on Science and the War Effort which received considerable publicity, and to which many prominent scientists working on war problems contributed. As a result of the discussion many important recommendations were made, but it yet remains to put them into effect.

Church Parade

by MICHAEL WITCOMB

Sermons are not much good in the Army if there are fags on sale in the NAAFI

MOST of us are C. of E., because if you aren't you have to march two-and-a-half miles to the nearest Nonconformist church. Church Parade is generally known as 'God-fatigue'. You parade in best battle-dress and newly-blanco'd respirator. Your sergeant shouts ''Oo volunteers not to go to church?' and if you're fool enough to put up your hand you'll spend a hot morning in the cookhouse. The only effective way of dodging Church Parade is to be a Room Orderly and sweep out the hut instead.

Nobody knows why Church Parade is what it is and always has been. Neither officers nor men take it seriously. Even Lance-Bombardier Hamilton, a studious youth who hopes to be ordained when the war is over, and who, alone, bravely says his prayers, kneeling in the dark beside his palliasse after lights-out (often forgetting to take his pipe out of his mouth)—even he finds it embarrassing.

The Service is held in No. 7 Garage, a versatile building which can at a moment's notice become theatre, cinema or gymnasium. Tastefully curtained off from the rabble—I mean the congregation—are three members of the Camp Dance Band, piano, drums and saxophone, who are to lead our singing. The pianist slyly introduces soft fugal bits of *Comin' Round the Mountain* into his improvised voluntary. Somebody arranges a table with a white cloth on it in the centre of the stage. The Major shouts 'Quiet, please!' and at length 'Shut UP' to the murmuring mob. You almost expect him to say 'You may smoke.'

Sensation: enter the A.T.S. in Sunday best. They are greeted with that curious sucking noise, as of an uncompleted kiss, which the troops always make on the appearance of any female, however unprepossessing. The Major scowls but cannot trace the offenders. Sensation Two: enter about a dozen resplendent young officers in full service uniform, all pink and well-scrubbed-looking. They move ethereally to the seats reserved for them at the front. Sensation Three: dead silence as the Colonel enters. All you can hear is the squealings of the girls in the west cookhouse and the distant popping of the Sunday morning Lewis gun class.

Something is wrong. The Padre is late. The Padre is always late. The Colonel can stand it no longer. 'While we're waiting,' he barks, 'we'll sing—ah—Hymn 108.' A random shot: it turns out to be 'The Lord be with us as we bend.' Only about three people know the tune. The band ploughs ruthlessly through two verses. Fortunately the Padre can now be seen in the wings, struggling into his surplice, his khaki trousers sticking out beneath.

'Well, perhaps some of you fellows know that hymn,' growls the Colonel. '*I* don't. Carry on, Padre.'

The Padre is very old and squeaky.

'Mn'yuh, stand up, please,' he bleats. He begins the General Confession. 'Erred-strayed-ways-lost-sheep, mn'yuh, done-things-ought-not-done, mn'yuh, no-health-in-us . . .' Absolution. Lord's Prayer. 'Mn'yuh, let us sing Hymn Four.'

Onward, Christian Soldiers. That's more like! We only know about half-a-dozen hymns, all, appropriately, about fighting: *Fight the Good Fight, Eternal Father Strong to Save, Soldiers of Christ.* That's a fine loud bass over there: a man who loves singing, throws his soul into it: ah, I thought so—it's Half-Incher Wilson, just out of the guard-room. A pickpocket in Civvy Street.

We race ahead of the band, taking the hymn at a good brisk infantry step, the band lagging stubbornly behind at a sober artillery stroll. Bombardier Baumberg rolls his drum in a dramatic *crescendo* through the last verse, brushing his cymbal subtly in the Amen.

'I - bleeve - mn'yuh - God - the-Father, mn'yuh, sitteth-on-right-hand, mn'yuh, light everlasting. . . Will everybody sit down, please.'

The Lesson is read, in friendly, enthusiastic fashion, by a young subaltern just out of O.C.T.U.: if possible, even pinker and better-scrubbed-looking than the rest, with a nice public-schooly clarinet voice. He tells us of David and Goliath (and we know he means Britain

and Germany). 'Here beginneth the Lesson. . . .'

'. . . and this is Alvar Liddell reading it,' comes a mocking whispered falsetto from the back.

'. . . and Goliath took a stone,' cries the noble clarinet voice; then blushes and checks itself *staccato*: '*As you were.* Er—and *David* took a stone. . . .'

Follows the Sermon, given by the Padre's Mate, a fiery young Welsh curate with deep black eyes. 'David and Goliath,' he begins. Pause. '*David and Goliath,*' he repeats slowly; and again, 'DAVID AND GOLIATH. What does this story suggest to our minds?' It is the Curate's way to say everything three times: only thus can it penetrate the skulls of us, the brutal and licentious soldiery. David is gallant little England and Goliath is great hulking Germany; but before we can perceive the sleight-of-hand, the Curate has veered to the main purport of all his sermons. 'Temptation,' he says, and repeats it twice. 'In the Army, my friends, we have to fight several Temptations.'

We wriggle excitedly: he's going to talk about women! Or is he? But no. 'There is, for instance, the temptation of bad language. BAD LANGUAGE.' Pause. (This, to men whose oaths, in a proportion of one per three words, are no more than a meaningless habit.) 'Or the temptation of drink. *Drink.* DRINK.' (This to men who cannot, out of 17s. 6d. a week, afford much more than half a pint a day, even when there is any beer to be had.) 'There are many other temptations—' the Curate looks evasively at the roof—'I needn't go into them. They are the Goliaths of our Army life—' (Clever! now we're back on the text again!)

On the whole, the troops like the Curate and his Welsh brogue. He would make a good fanatic agitator. 'Ee, that chap talks loovly,' says fish-eyed Gunner Boothroyd next to me.

The Padre takes over. This is his big moment: an apparently impromptu prayer for the Royal Family, the Cabinet, the M.O.I., both Houses of Parliament, President Roosevelt, the Officers of the three Services, the N.C.Os too, the Royal Artillery, the Regiment, the C.O., the Permanent Staff, the A.T.S., the W.A.A.F.S., the W.R.N.S., all our wives and relatives and children and friends, and lastly us common gunners. Gunner Starkey, on my left, is impressed: 'All c'rect and sign here, please,' he grins. ''S what I call all-in prayin', chum. I reckon 'e brought Kelly's Directory wiv him instead of 'is Prayer Book.'

Another hymn about fighting, followed by that unchristian song the National Anthem and a scampering Benediction from the Padre. We stand up respectfully as the Colonel stalks out. 'You will march out in single file!' roars the Major. 'Sergeant-Major, will you . . .'

But his words are lost as a harsh, excited voice yells from the rear: 'Come on, lads—they've got some fags in the NAAFI.! *Fags*!' And in an uncontrollable surge the congregation flings itself madly at the doors, knocking chairs in all directions, in quest of tobacco —the false goddess, the spirit's balm, the only anodyne.

The Padre raises one eyebrow, takes off his surplice, and in the vestry—where, since on weekdays it is the M.T. Office, smoking is forbidden—he too lights a cigarette.

Labour and Social Interdependence

Collective satisfaction of human needs cannot be achieved except by the collective use of human effort. This article is by three experts—a Czech lawyer and specialist in social administration; Vladimir Outrata, now Secretary to the Czechoslovak Embassy in Moscow; and Alexander Kunosi, formerly of the Czechoslovak Institute of Export

MARCEL PROUST tells us that it was only at a moment of grave personal crisis that he was able to weigh accurately the nature of æsthetic and ethical values. While seriously ill he tried to recall the utterances and ideas of many poets and thinkers; he found that only the most profound retained for him their power and significance. So in the life of nations it is the period of social crisis that is most suitable for forming an adequate and real judgment of the needs of our social conditions. At such times the deepest and truest elements stand out clearly.

It is in this context we desire to recall the series of leading articles on the New Order written in the *Times* during June, July and August 1940. France had recently fallen. At such a period the *Times*, writing on 5th August of the necessity for a better social organisation, stated this must be based on the often quoted principle, 'to each according to his needs'. Gone were the slogans of 'revival and freedom of international trade' and 'free exchange of goods', which had been so poignantly common only a short time previously. And with them also disappeared such despairing and desperate ideas as 'the creation of an international army is the only warrant of freedom and peace'. But in a period of crisis when fundamentals had to be faced and recognised, it had to be admitted that the first principle in a properly organised society was the satisfaction of the elementary needs of every member of the community, and that this satisfaction was not consistent with the unfettered freedom of the individual in trade and enterprise. In our opinion, on the contrary, this very freedom had in the long run produced unnecessary suffering and penury for too many people at home, and chaos and anarchy and even wars abroad.

And here we stand at the crux of the problem. The organised provision of the means of subsistence to every individual is inextricably related to the organised utilisation of every individual's capacity to produce. The bridge, in other words, between production and consumption is human labour. The problem before contemporary society is how to administer this primary social relationship, and its instrument, Labour Power. Labour, therefore, becomes the main subject of administration, the central problem of the management of public affairs.

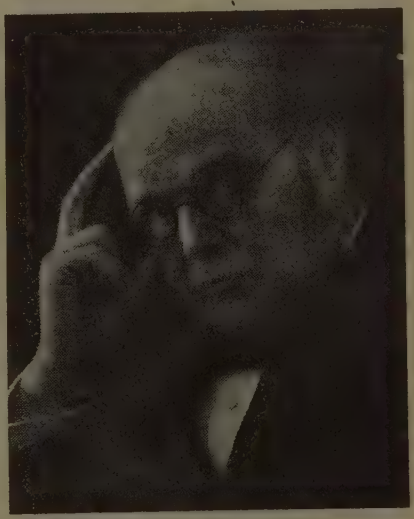
For there is a strong tendency to restrict the meaning of labour, to minimise its

significance in society, and to consider labour identical with wage earners. For this reason an International Labour Office was set up as a constituent part of the League of Nations to 'promote the regulations of working hours, the prevention of unemployment, the living wage and labour protection generally on international lines.' Even now too many people consider that the question of labour merely consists in these protective measures for the wage-earning class. It is assumed, in our opinion falsely, that international regulations of these protective measures will ensure industrial and economic peace, and make possible the restoration of international free exchange of goods leading to the common prosperity of mankind. Social security has become, in the mouth of the people, a synonym for social services.

An indication that many statesmen of Western civilisation are aware of the importance of this economic aspect is their approving references, directly and indirectly, to the International Labour Office. Without seeking to diminish in any way the achievements of the I.L.O. in the last twenty years, there are at least three elements which make it, at any rate in its present form, inadequate to deal with essential social change. These are: that its function is limited to the protection of wage-earners; its measures are inadequate, being merely of a protective character; it is based on the idea that the administration of labour is three-sided—employers, workers, and Government representatives.

If the function of the I.L.O. is limited to the protection of wage-earners, this excludes large numbers of what might be called owner-workers, who equally need some measure of protection from the blows of an unorganised economic system. A striking example of these 'owner-workers' and their claims is seen in the history of the Czechoslovak peasantry. The agricultural crisis of the 'thirties was a severe blow to these people. They were being ground down between the millstones of cheap imported agriculture from the highly mechanised overseas countries and the low standard Balkan States. But they had an important influence on the political life of the country, and were represented by the best organised and most powerful political party. The main reasons for this predominance were twofold.

When the first stirrings of Czech 'risorgimento' took place in the eighteenth century under the Hapsburgs, they occurred in a peasant economy, and it was natural, therefore, that the Agrarian Party should have and retain a great influence. This influence was accentuated by the secession of the Communists from the Social Democrats in 1921, before which the latter had been the strongest



Svehla, leader of the Agrarian Party and Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia 1922–27

party in the Czech Government. By this division in the Labour Movement they lost their position to the Agrarian Party. This advantageous political position was used to remedy the economic distress of the class. It was accomplished by a revolutionary experiment. They established a Society with statutory privileges in 1933, and in the next three years had succeeded in creating a State Grain Monopoly. By this means they restored stable economic conditions for the peasants and enabled farmers to re-establish their wealthy positions. All this was accomplished by concentrating on practical steps. For instance, the first thing they asked for was 'rentable' prices, i.e. prices which would enable them to market their crops and allow them a reasonable standard of living. By a drastic control of production they achieved stabilisation of the prices in the home market. This meant control of sowing space, and the peasants were quite ready to give up their 'freedom' to sow and to refrain from planting the most 'profitable' crops, i.e. wheat, in return for stabilised prices. There was much red tape and incompetence, and many inequalities between different categories of farmers. But gradually the experimental stage passed and the whole grain control was put on a smooth working basis, so much so that it was studied by agriculturists of Western as well as of Eastern Europe. Even the Nazis borrowed many if not all of its ideas.

The main features of this successful experiment from our point of view are:

(*a*) the producers and not the wage-earners were threatened with economic distress and it was necessary to protect them.

(*b*) Merely protective measures proved inadequate.

Now we draw some conclusions from our analysis of the International Labour Office. In the first place the I.L.O., as it was constituted, is inadequate because its scope is restricted to wage-earners.

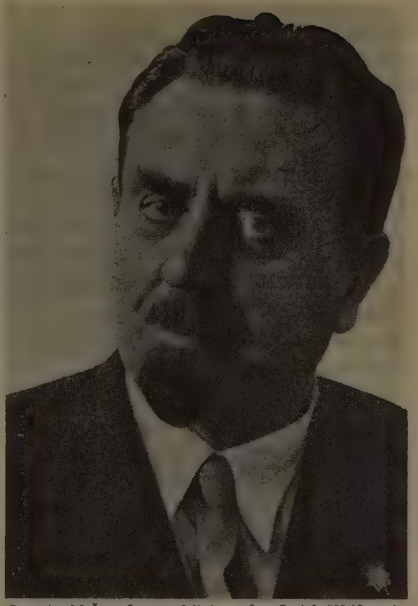
From the Czechoslovakian experience referred to we can see our second deficiency in the I.L.O., namely, the inadequacy of measures which are merely of a protective character. No doubt old-fashioned trade unionism would be well satisfied if these ameliorations were quantitatively increased, that is to say, better health services and insurance and wider collective bargaining. On such lines these trade union elements would arrive at an adequate understanding with the Federations of Employers, who, if such reforms were granted, would feel they had fulfilled their promise of social security for all and could then proceed to re-establish 'free international trade and exchange of goods'.

But our example proves, we think, that no satisfactory administration of modern society is possible which is not based on the close mutual interrelationship of production and consumption. The usual objection is that the worker, if adequately looked after, is not interested in production, while the industrial owners with their initiative, experience and skill, are the only ones capable of turning out the goods. This objection is most superficial. The spectacle of chaos and disorder that the so-called 'skill and experience' has produced is too well known to merit detailed analysis. We will only summarise two of the main reasons. Such industry as is not yet a monopoly on a world scale and can work under free competition, is not directed to supplying the needs of society, but to providing profit for the owners. And while profits can be made, they produce until a state of overproduction is reached.

They are by their very nature the creators and the victims of the trade cycles. And when the slump comes with its consequent unemployment, it is not they but society which must make provision for the unemployed. Some small producers may be ruined by the trade depression, but that only strengthens the tendency towards monopoly control of the big enterprises for the next 'boom' wave, a process which is often facilitated by the emergency measures adopted by the State during the slump. The most important commodities (e.g. sugar, petrol, steel) are controlled by monopolies on a world scale. And, of course, with monopoly disappears the often vaunted claim for competition, that it encourages private initiative.

This vicious circle was discovered from another angle. The enlightened elements in trade unionism saw in their day by day struggle for better conditions, that a social-protective administration for the workers cannot really be achieved without a social-economic administration. That meant measures to control and direct production. Struggling for the protection of the standard of living of the workers (i.e. for the maintenance of its consumptive powers) they realised the impossibility of such protection without co-ordination of production. In Czechoslovakia during a mass campaign carried on by the Socialist and Co-operative movements against the rise of sugar prices, workers' 'factory committees' from the sugar factories went to all the Government departments to insist on prices being raised.

Such factory committees were strictly limited to 'protective' activities, such as health, etc. They were prohibited from interfering in questions of production as the owners feared it might be a step to socialisation. But in the long run the



Jaromir Nečas, former Minister for Social Welfare in Czechoslovakia, now a member of the Czechoslovak Government in Britain

industrial owners exploited these committees often for their own purposes. So it was not uncommon to see some factory committees going from one Government department to another and demanding preferential Government contracts, thus damaging the interests of workers in other factories and helping their employers in 'free' competition and so on.

We now turn to a third matter which demonstrates the inadequacy of the I.L.O. The form of the I.L.O. is based on the idea that the administration of labour is three-sided; it, therefore, has employers, workers and Government representatives. This presumes that labour is constituted by a bilateral contract between parties with opposed interests, and that Government influence is necessary as an 'impartial' arbiter. But both

in theory and practice this assumption is false. The Government representative was never an impartial and unbiased expert but merely the mouthpiece of the politically dominant group. Generally he was an official of the Ministry of Labour, or in Continental terms, the Ministry of Social Welfare. And his opinion varied from the employers' to the workers' viewpoint according to the political complexion of his minister. For this reason the I.L.O. was strictly limited in the forms it could achieve.

These difficulties in practice arise from deeper causes. Labour ceased to be a bilateral contract long ago. Legally, State laws and international treaties restrict almost entirely the free contracting powers of both parties. And in socially progressive countries this has occurred to such an extent that the parties can generally express only their consensus or dissensus. In times of emergency even this right to say 'yes' or 'no' to the contract might be taken away. Socially the position also contradicted the old legal form of bilateral contract. The individual wage contract was the outcome of a struggle between employers and employees. One of the contracting parties, the employers, ceased in many cases to be an actual partner to the contract. They became only the representatives of some giant financial institutions which nominally had no part in the contract, but which in fact decided its terms. This unsatisfactory situation was naturally reflected in the I.L.O., and had its effect also on the wage-earners. To succeed it must be driven to its logical conclusion, and that means that the wage-earner has ceased to work for a particular identifiable employer, and begins to be bound to society, to State and International provisions. We feel that the administration of Labour cannot be successfully constructed on a threefold division which has only juristic form but no social or legal content. From this we draw our third conclusion: that the labour of wage-earners having ceased to be a bilateral agreement between two private contracting parties, can only be controlled successfully if it is considered as a public affair.

Thus the immense variety of activities of all members of society acquires a new unity. It becomes a duty to society, and society must therefore assume the counter obligation of providing the means of subsistence for its members. It is, we feel, obvious that such conditions must be regulated on an international scale. This was recognised even in the Versailles Treaty. Of course, we do not imagine that efforts on these lines will necessarily be undertaken during or immediately after the war. There are powerful forces opposing the creation of such a new administration. It very often happens, too, that war leaves the people in the grip of weariness and apathy, with a desire to be left alone to 'enjoy' life—as, for example, the time of *biedermayer* of middle-class complacency after the Napoleonic wars. But that does not relieve us of the duty to analyse and develop the plan of the new administration which we think necessary for the betterment of society. The struggle for a better world must and will go on, even if retarded from time to time by those who desire to retain the *status quo* and, incidentally, their own privileged position within it.

We need Monetary Reform

by P. C. LOFTUS, M.P.
Author of 'The Main Cause of Unemployment'

Readers are getting restive about money, and even suspect the Press of keeping it dark. This is a clear explanation of much-needed monetary reform. The new Economic Reform Committee is working for this

THERE exists a rapidly increasing demand for a reform of the monetary system, not only in Great Britain, but also in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. While there are various schools of thought among monetary reformers, they are in general agreement as to the evils of the existing system and as to general principles of reform.

What are our charges against the orthodox monetary system?

It is a system in which the control of credit, 'the life blood of the entire community', and its expansion and contraction is vested in private hands. The amount of purchasing power allowed to the community is regulated by the Joint Stock Banks working under control of the Bank of England (a privately owned institution).

It is a system whereby at least ninety per cent of our purchasing power or money (viz. cheque money) is created by the banking system by mere book entry and always as a loan, burdened with interest from the moment of its creation.

It expands purchasing power not primarily to finance matters of national importance (Agriculture, Shipbuilding, etc.) or to avert tragic unemployment; but rather to finance foreign money-lending, stock exchange speculation and the creation of non-essential luxury trades.

It destroys part of the purchasing power of the nation (thereby causing widespread distress and unemployment) not because of unhealthy home conditions, but because it sacrifices home prosperity and the home market to the fetish of foreign exchange rates.

It favours the speculator and the middleman and the money-lender and neglects the interest of the essential men, the primary producers: those who provide Corn and Meat and Fish, Cotton and Wool, Coal and Iron.

It allows and encourages money to be diverted from its proper function as a medium of exchange and a store of value to become a commodity to be gambled in by speculators.

It concentrates wealth in ever fewer hands. Corporations which alone have the monopoly of the creation and lending of credit money and which also have the power to vary the value of money, to double it by deflation or decrease it by inflation, who lend freely when prices are high and trade is prosperous and call in loans when prices are low and trade is bad, must from the nature of the case and without the imputation of any evil intent or conscious policy, in time gain control of the greater part of the property of the community. Thus today the directors of our great industries are, generally speaking, nominees of financial institutions, not life-long experts of the particular industry as they were in Victorian times.

It is a system which under the orthodox working of the Gold Standard rendered booms and slumps inevitable: a boom period in one country automatically forced a slump period in another and *vice versa*.

It denies adequate purchasing power to the community to buy the volume of consumable goods produced by the community, or capable of being imported.

It works for a large favourable balance of trade, that is to say goods to be exported for credit (very often for worthless repudiated bonds) to the greatest possible extent.

Through this system of foreign lending it neglects home industries and needs, and encourages and develops foreign nations. In the twenties it could finance with British and American money the re-equipment of German factories

and the rehousing of German working folk while starving British agriculture and some important British industries of capital.

Through this system of foreign loans it has forced the unhealthy,' unbalanced development of new countries, obliging them to concentrate development on one or two products for export, and thereby it has brought about what future generations may well regard as the greatest tragedy of mankind: the vast destruction of the soil of the earth through over-exploitation and the creation in one generation of more man-made desert than in the whole three thousand years of recorded human history.

A most evil result is that international trade, instead of being a mutually advantageous exchange of goods, has become a fierce struggle for power. The highly industrialised State seeks for new territories to exploit (even if it means providing capital and plant to destroy some of its own export trade) and for the power of the creditor; while the new countries find themselves falling ever deeper into irrepayable debt. The control by the creditor of the money system and the refusal of the creditor to take full payment in goods forces the abominable practice of the destruction of vast quantities of good food required by millions because the money system has failed to provide purchasing power and has forced by deflation the price of primary products to an unremunerative level.

Finally, this inevitably involves a clash between States themselves. The struggle between industrialised nations to find markets for their so-called 'surplus production' (not to be exported in return for imports but on credit to obtain power) inevitably leads to increasing international tension and must sooner or later end in war.

Against this evil system Monetary Reformers, while recognising the probity and capacity of those who carry on the system in Great Britain, are united in opposition.

We desire to see the expansion and concentration of the volume of purchasing power and credit regulated by the State in the interests of the community rather than by private individuals influenced by private interests.

We seek a system whereby the purchasing power in the hands of the community will always be adequate to purchase the consumable goods produced by the community and imported in exchange for exported goods and services.

When, as during a period of threatened falling prices, immediate expansion of purchasing power is necessary to avert a depression, we desire to see the State itself create (at cost) debt-free credits for financing consumption through public works, or through other means.

We seek the greatest possible stability in the general (not the particular) price level.

We place home prosperity and full employment of the country's resources as a first consideration, and therefore we refuse to sacrifice a satisfactory internal price level giving maximum production and employment for the sake of maintaining foreign exchange rates.

We condemn speculation in money, the using of it as a commodity to buy and sell, and therefore we hold that the present wartime monopoly of the Bank of England under strict Treasury control should be maintained in peacetime.

We desire to see international trade made into a mutually advantageous exchange of goods and services. We hold that the only objects of exporting goods should be to import goods or to give goods to another nation under exceptional circumstances. We believe it is practicable to arrange a system whereby the exporter must take directly or indirectly payment for his exports in the goods of the importing country (at present he can take bonds of indebtedness, and in peacetime gold, or he can wreck the value of his importer's currency on the markets of the world).

We recognise that the conservation of the fertility of the soil is a duty to future generations of mankind, and we hold that its maintenance must be a major consideration of each government.

Finally we seek to raise the power of the community to equal consumption with maximum production, after allowing for the necessary savings for capital outlay, and yet retain for the individual citizen personal freedom.

We recognise that money reform by itself will not achieve a civilisation worthy of man; but we believe that a reformed money system would help to establish a better sense of essential values in life; that this sense has been debased by a system which has encouraged a fevered acquisitive and speculative attitude to life, and distorted the relations between individuals and nations, by piling up an ever increasing burden of irrepayable debt.

The reform of the money system is a necessary preliminary to an approach to a more peaceful civilisation, wherein man will find himself the happier for being more in harmony with nature and with God.

Democratic Planning and the New Science of Society

by Dr. KARL MANNHEIM

of the London School of Economics and Political Science, author of Man and Society, *etc.*

The past two or three centuries were the age of the natural and technical sciences. The century to come will be dedicated to the study of the social and moral sciences and to the problems of democratic planning.

In this article Karl Mannheim shows how the building of a sound social order depends on our ability to develop a new type of sociology

A SOCIOLOGIST, called Thrasher, once left the ivory tower of speculation and descended to study the gangsters of Chicago. His idea was that reforms must be based on first-hand knowledge of facts, and that if, for instance, you want to reform bands of youngsters who are becoming a menace to society, the first thing to do is to find out what they are like, how they live and what determines their behaviour. But one isolated piece of knowledge is not enough; so Mr. Thrasher studied no less than 1,313 gangs and came out of this experience with not a few observations of general sociological interest. He discovered that each gang is a world of its own, with its own peculiar mental climate; but in spite of their dissimilarities the gangs have many features in common. There are similar ways of behaviour in all of them and similar social rôles. The influence of the small group upon its members becomes so strong that they are no longer able to adjust themselves to tasks which face them in life outside the group. For that reason Thrasher came to the conclusion that any attempt to reform or influence these boys must be addressed to them not as individuals but as a part of their group. It is useless to teach, lecture or preach at such youngsters; the only way of reaching them lies through the group. If you succeed in putting across new ideals and ambitions to the whole gang you may hope to turn them into useful members of society. This is an important lesson for those who all too readily attribute misdeeds and errors to bad character, ill-nature or a sinful disposition, whereas very often they are only the result of misdirected vitality which could find no proper outlet in society.

A friend of mine who deals with the problems of refugees in this country told me about a number of elderly ladies who could not find a niche for themselves over here since they had once seen better days and resented doing any work which they considered a social come-down. Finally someone hit upon the idea of forming

DEAD-END KIDS

'A typical American gang of youngsters—a microcosm of group stimulation'

Photo: Universal Pictures

them into co-operative squads whose business it would be to do urgent collective work such as cleaning hospitals or schools. Although this work is about as menial and *déclassé* as any offered to them privately they are enthusiastic about it and seem to forget all notions of prestige under the stimulus of the new group spirit. There is a new ennobling purpose visible in the group, and the new group redefined their social rôle. Without this experiment an observer would have thought that the character of these ladies and their attitude to life were fixed; knitting, embroidery, grumbling about the times and taking offence at any suggestion of work seemed to be their settled fate.

We are altogether too prone to think of ourselves and our fellow-men in fixed terms; a coward is always afraid, a shy girl is always retiring, a bad worker is always lazy and slow. But the coward may be very active within a rioting group and the valiant soldier may be easily cowed by his boss. The shy and blushing girl may be saucy enough with her mother and sisters in the familiar surroundings of her home; and the slack worker may prove to be a very efficient member of a team. Thus the elasticity of human behaviour seems to be much greater in various group settings. We form such rigid pictures of people only because we are accustomed to seeing them in so very few established situations. The idea of influencing human behaviour not through direct command but through the manipulation of the group structure, i.e. the skilful use of social forces operating in the group, emerges as a new prospect of the future.

The same idea of utilising the self-regulating powers inherent in group life seems to have moved Homer Lane in his Little Commonwealth experiment. He asked the authorities to put at his disposal a number of the most incurable waywards and juvenile delinquents. He took them to live with him in a small isolated farm in England and imposed on them no rule or prohibition whatsoever. He let them do as they liked, and it is fascinating to see how a social order gradually grew out of complete anarchy—initiated, controlled and accepted by the rowdies themselves. When they arrived at the farm the boys behaved in the most unruly manner. In order to break their negativism Homer Lane made an experiment. He let the most offensive boy smash all the tea-things with a poker and finally offered his own gold watch to be crashed on the floor by the boy. The lad held the watch high up in his hand but finding no resistance he broke down and could not destroy the watch. His negativism and resistance had been broken. After this climax the group began to build up their own world, inventing for themselves, so to speak, the institution of self-government. They laid down their own rules of conduct and gradually came to feel responsible for their own decisions and for the life of the community as a whole. Thus the self-regulating powers of the small group quite naturally turned these special incurables into citizens with a sense of social responsibility.

The Soviets have also made use of the group method. In their concept of socialist competition they used competition between groups as an incentive to work. They found that the very same person who was pushing and self-assertive under conditions of individual competition became loyal to the group when organised as a team in competition with other groups. It is the spirit of the playing fields of England which has been transferred to the schools, factories and farms of Soviet Russia. It has transformed the self-centred worker into one who voluntarily undertakes to help his co-worker in order to raise the output of the group to which they both belong. Similarly the intelligent student helps

THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ENGLAND

Competition between groups as cultivated in English Public Schools, a well-known method to create group loyalty and collective achievement

The Cricket Match at Tonbridge School, circa 1851. *Reproduced by permission from the coloured lithograph by W. L. Walton after C. Tattershall Dodd, in the possession of B. T. Batsford*

his less gifted fellows, for the work of the class is the responsibility of every member of it.

These examples have one thing in common: they show a new approach to the study and understanding of man. In the past our best psychologists, philosophers and educationalists thought of man as an individual, such as one encounters in daily contacts with friends, patients or students. Thus they saw him as an isolated individual and unconsciously always pared away his social background. In consequence they understood only the individual approach to man. They saw, for instance, the teacher teaching his pupil, the minister appealing to the individual conscience, the psychologist observing his patient in the consulting-room.

The new development in the sciences dealing with man is that they are tending to become sociological, that is, they do not sever the individual either from his group or from his social background, and they take into account all the influences working on him through his respective groups. The first stage in the realisation of the meaning of group life occurred when some writers emphasised how differently men behave in crowds and in isolation. At that time knowledge of man as a social being embraced only two aspects: on the one hand the individual, who is always more or less reasonable and considerate, on the other the masses, who are irrational and smash things and conventions. To many people social psychology and sociology still mean little more than this, namely, the study of man in crowds.

Thinking of groups or society in terms of the atomistic concept means no more than multiplying by hundreds, thousands or millions the same behaviour as observed in the individual. It is not yet sufficiently realised that group life does not consist only of being part of a crowd, but that there is a great variety of group patterns, all differing in organisation and having a different effect upon the individuals who compose them. The family, for example, differs as a group from the sports team, the club from the trade union. Through the functions it fulfils each of them produces a different appeal to the individual and elicits a different type of behaviour. It is these various groups which develop the most relevant standards for regulating our behaviour and conduct. There are no norms and codes in the abstract except those promulgated by social groups. There is the code of the Army, the Church or the State, there are codes regulating our home life or our business relations; there are the codes of the long-established professions, and there are also the autonomous codes of the gangs. In the same way there is no loyalty in the abstract, only loyalty to one or more of these groups. Where there is no group or institution, like the State, to co-ordinate these loyalties, chaos and uncertainty occur.

It is very difficult to grasp that fictitious being, the individual as such, which was so much spoken of in the atomistic period of thinking on human affairs. What we call the individual self, the subject in man who obeys norms and follows codes, is always correlated with these existing group centres from which codes and valuations emanate. There is not one tangible abstract self in each individual, but spheres of the self correlated with the groups to which he is attached. Out of the different rôles he plays, first as a child at home in the nursery, then as a youth at school and in the playground, then as a father and citizen and so on he develops his own peculiar personality.

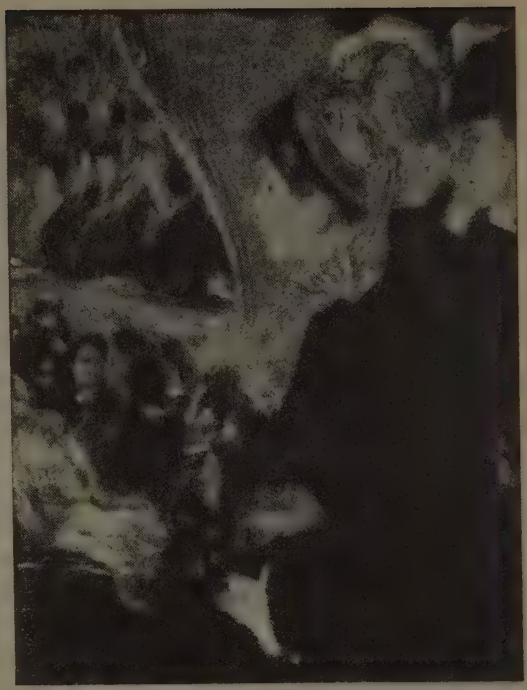
Personality does exist, of course, but not completely severed from and beyond these various social rôles. But we strive no more to safeguard its

THE SOVIET VERSION OF THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ENGLAND

The Russians have also made use of the group method. This shows a Russian collective farm. Peaceful competition for a common group aim has transformed the slow, backward peasant of Tsarist days into the eager, technically-minded collective farmer of Soviet Russia

TRANSITION

In his painting of a young girl stepping out for the first time from the family group into the world of the grown ups, the artist's intuition succeeded in expressing the different atmospheres of two social groups and the emotional tension of this transition



Renoir, 'La première Sortie', Tate Gallery, London. By permission of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

autonomy by assuming it to remain unaffected by time and circumstances as we realise that out of the challenge of the environment it emerges as a unique entity with a core and fate of its own.

In this respect modern sociology unconsciously follows a trend parallel to one which prevails, for example, in modern biology. (*Cf.*, previous articles in this series by Bernal, p. 27, July 1941; Needham, pp. 21–22, November 1941; Waddington, pp. 25–26, September 1941.) Both seem to focus their attention on structure and organisation, and to realise the significance of these for the behaviour of the cell as well as of human beings. Of course, this is not a revival of the theory which regards society as an organism and uses the biological method for the study of human society; for beyond the structure analogy there are endless genuine sociological processes to which justice cannot be done in terms of biological concepts and methods. And besides, there is the problem of the personality which requires an entirely new approach.

In the same way, the study of behaviour in the abstract does not lead us very far. As we have seen in the case of the refugee ladies, for instance, there is a much greater elasticity in the average human being than we are willing to assume. If only the group configuration can be changed and the field of action altered, the behaviour of the individual will change with it. The ideal of the sociological approach is to develop a study of human behaviour in actual situations, based on the immense material collected by the historian, the anthropologist, the political scientist and economist, the sociologist, the educationalist, the social worker, the judge and others. Of course, this empirical material only becomes eloquent if one has the theoretical tools to analyse these experiences and the technique of relating the changing forms of human behaviour to the changing social background to which human nature adjusts itself. The belief that we understand society simply because we live in it is as false as primitive man's belief that he understood nature because he lived so close to it.

In view of the great wealth of insight produced by the sociological approach in so many fields, it seems surprising that science should for so long have overlooked the impact of the social setting upon the thoughts, emotions and actions of men. There is one main explanation for it: that on the whole in the past group life has worked silently in shaping man and ordering his conduct, and where difficulties have occurred man has made his readjustment to the changed conditions *unconsciously*. The miracle that happened to the old ladies and to Homer Lane's outcasts could occur only in small groups; the regenerating

powers of group life remoulded their social character, provided them with new ideals and helped them to devise new methods of living together. Where the *déclassé* individual, for instance, can see the value of his contribution to group achievement he is elevated in his social consciousness and the sharing in a new purpose re-establishes his self-esteem from another angle.

Society at the stage of neighbourhood communities was partly carried on by the unconscious working of traditions, conventions, and by the self-healing powers of life within small groups. The break occurred when industrialisation and urbanisation brought into being the larger groups which cannot be managed on the level of unconscious evolution. At the very moment when group life ceased to regulate smoothly man's behaviour, the impact of groups and of the social background upon man's conduct and thought have become apparent. Like the kidneys in the human body, we only notice these things when they cease to function automatically. For some time, it is true, there has been a growing consciousness that 'there is something wrong with the world', a feeling that the individual is the victim of chaotic conditions and that society itself is out of joint. But it was only when science laid her finger on the sore spot that a cure became possible.

One of the chief causes of the crisis is that large-scale groups have superseded the smaller groups in influence, and that their problems cannot be solved except by conscious thought and deliberate reform. The age of the great social reformers began when the traditional forms of adjustment in society failed to work. They concentrated at first on a few specific reforms, and only a few spheres of human activity came to be organised purposefully according to a preconceived scheme. But the idea took root and there has been a continuous process of social improvement from the early legislation on child labour and factory conditions up till the recent establishment of social work as a profession. This shows how more and more the evils of modern historical development can only be cured by purposeful interference. It is becoming obvious that social workers can no longer cope with the mass of problems that confront them unless they have a scientific knowledge of the causes and implications of individual and group maladjustment.

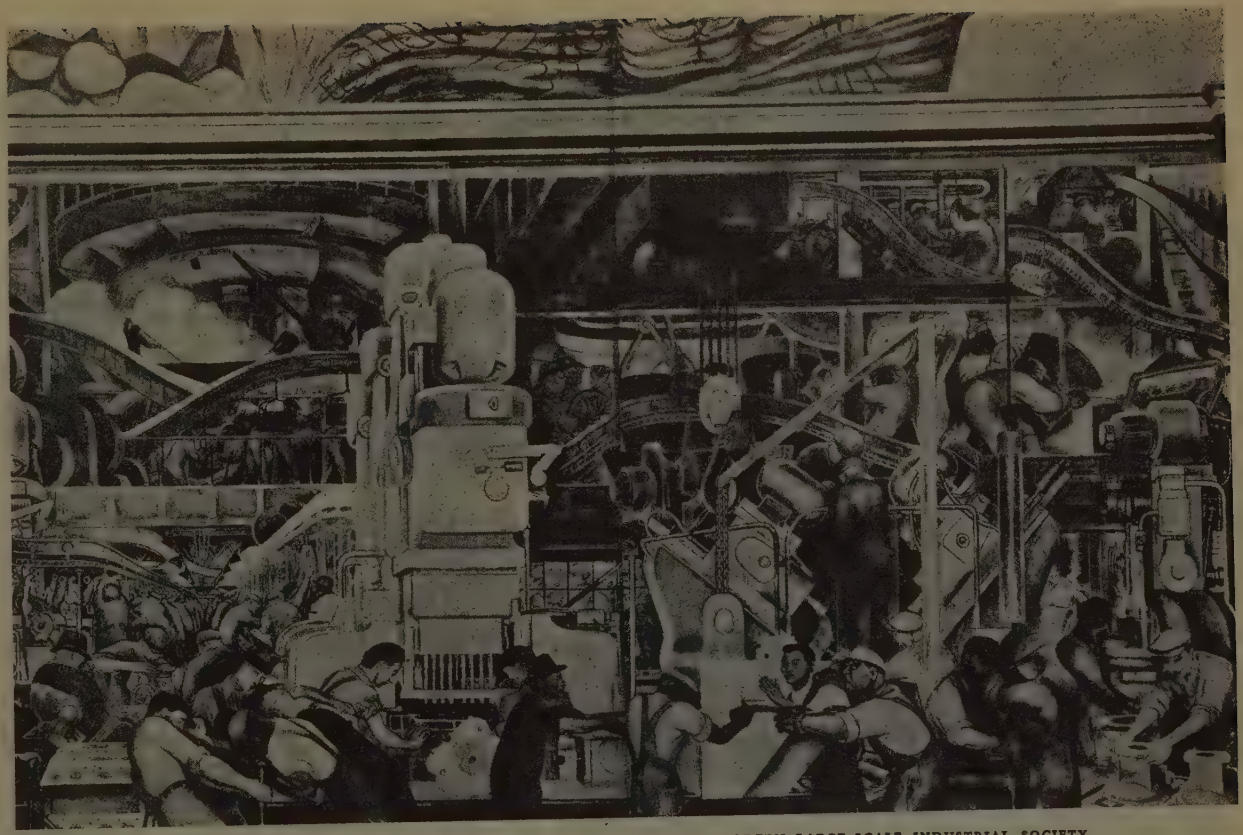
With the present multiplication of the problems of society we have come to see that the mere cumulation of isolated reforms without co-ordination only creates additional disturbances, or shifts the difficulties from one sphere to another. For instance, raising the school leaving age is only feasible if the consequences for industry are carefully thought out. Thus we have now reached the age of *planning*, when purposeful *reconstruction of society as a whole* has to be envisaged. Planning is not only a question of economics or of physical development, as many people still seem to believe. It must somehow take into account all spheres of social life. Reform at this level involves thinking out the far-reaching consequences of any attempt to correct the shortcomings of the present system.

Sir Thomas Gresham, Mercers' Hall, London.
By permission of the Mercers' Company

CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO ATTITUDES

The Fascist dictator, in his commandment 'To Obey, to Fight, to Believe', demands the obliteration of the self in total militaristic regimentation

Sir Thomas Gresham (1519–79), founder of the Royal Exchange, a mighty man and pioneer in his time, sought a balance between individual liberty and social responsibility. Observe his motto: 'Love, serve and obei': love to his wife and family, service to community and country, obedience to God and the Law



THE ASSEMBLY PLANT IS THE SYMBOL OF THE LATEST STAGE OF MODERN LARGE-SCALE INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY

The artist gives us more than a vision of the cold cruelty of modern production—he reveals its grandeur and the hope of collaboration for a common aim which can give new dignity to the future, if we rightly understand its message.

From Mural, by Diego Rivera; from 'Portrait of America'. Allen & Unwin

The first stage of planning is usually concerned with organisation, but the farther we proceed the clearer it becomes that no good can come out of institutional changes without a thorough awareness of their psychological implications. To think that planning consists of housing, social insurance or marketing schemes is to see only one side of the picture. The next stage is reached when we realise that how the way people react to these separate schemes and how they are moulded by them is at least as important as the details of organisation. Today we know that a housing scheme is a failure if it fails to provide for the human needs of the tenants. Wherever the human side of planning is uppermost sociology provides for its needs; for sociology is that new *science of society which primarily observes human conduct with reference to the social setting*. For a while people were afraid of the application of science to human affairs and could only foresee therefrom regimentation and tactless meddling with our private lives. This undoubtedly can happen; it is the case in all Fascist systems.

To the Fascist, planning means militaristic regimentation, the application of the old pattern of command and blind obedience to every sphere of life. The *leitmotif* of Fascism is 'to Obey, to Fight, to Believe'. But this is a caricature of real planning.

Real planning is democratic planning—not the direct manipulation of lives, creeds and beliefs, but a careful and tactful rearrangement of circumstances and the elimination of those handicaps which are brought about through the unwieldiness of modern large-scale society. A planned framework within which there is scope for spontaneous adjustment will set free group forces which enable the wayward youth, the frustrated spinster and even the criminal to lead a somewhat healthier and more balanced life.

As a science sociology will not close its eyes to achievements in the art of human readjustment, wherever they may occur. If, for instance, the Nazis have contrived to liberate various social groups from their previous psychological frustration through the creation of collective enthusiasm in the interest of the whole system, this is in itself an application of a good sociological method, though for a bad purpose. Eliot's Archbishop (in 'Murder in the Cathedral') rightly says:

> 'the last temptation is the greatest treason:
> to do the right deed for the wrong reason.'

In our context, *the aim of planning lends final meaning to planning methods.*

It is, however, not only the aim that makes democratic planning different from dictatorial and totalitarian planning, but also that it tries wherever possible to reduce central regulation in favour of decentralised decisions. Of course, in certain spheres central decisions are technically inevitable, as, for instance, in the Army, and even in modern economy a large extent of central direction is unavoidable. But even in these cases there is a great difference between democratically controlled decisions from the centre and the blindly followed commands of a Fuehrer. We have to find a democratic pattern of planning which relies on the self-regulating powers of the smaller groups which compose society and on the natural balance between them, both for the sake of the individual and his fuller life and also for the sake of the survival of the nation as a whole. Here again we can see a parallel between the sociological and the biological sciences. In his article Needham pointed out that it is not the mechanistic organisation, as that of Fascism, which has in the long run the chance of survival but 'organisation which is built upon and growing out of the true nature of human beings at their best.' (P. 22, November.)

The defect of existing democratic systems is not that there is too much democracy in them, but that there is still too little, and that the spontaneity of small groups has not yet, either in the factory or elsewhere, been translated into conditions of large-scale society.

This is admittedly no light task, and it will require the thought and experiments of at least one generation. No doubt we shall often fail, but one thing is certain: so long as we fail to make the democratic processes function within the framework of modern society, we shall be doomed to live either in chaos or in a cage.

Previous articles in this series: 1941, June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December, 'Man—The Anachronism' by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D.; 1942, January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine; February, 'The Helter-Skelter Universe' by J. G. Crowther; April, 'Exploring the Unseeable' by J. G. Crowther; May, 'The New Politics' by Dr. F. Borkenau.

United States of Europe?

No. 3. United Front against Poverty

A Charter of Economic Rights

by DENNIS ROUTH

Fellow of All Souls and formerly a Lecturer in International Politics at Aberystwyth

More and more thinking people, both in Britain and in Europe, are coming to realise that British leadership in Europe is the only way to lasting peace and unity in Europe, the only hope for a real federation of European peoples. But it will only work if the British people grasp clearly from the very start the difference between leadership and domination. For *there* is all the difference in the world. To dominate is to impose your own selfish purposes upon others against their will, by force. That is what the Nazis have tried to do in Europe—and failed. And we should fail too, even more quickly and completely. It is ludicrous to think of forty millions trying to dominate 400 millions.

Leadership is something very different. People can only be led, in the long run, in the direction in which they want to go. Leadership consists in defining the direction, in clarifying the common aim. The good leader does not impose his own selfish aims on his followers. His aims are their aims, and his power comes through seeing those common aims more clearly, and pursuing them more single-heartedly and selflessly, than anyone else. His leadership rests not on superior force, which is an ephemeral and corrupt form of power, but on his ability to command the active and even enthusiastic co-operation of the led. This leadership in pursuit of common aims is the kind of power which the British people must seek to exercise in the Europe of the future. It is the only kind of power which they can hope to maintain in the long run.

But are there any common aims which are shared by the British people and the peoples of Europe, on the basis of which Britain can unite and lead Europe? Has Britain any constructive purpose to offer Europe, powerful enough in time of peace, as the common purpose of defeating Hitler has been in time of war, to override the profound differences that divide Europe? This is the all-important question. Failing such a purpose, Britain can lay no claim to leadership in Europe. With it, Britain may enter on the greatest period of her history.

Some people believe that this common purpose is once again to be found, as it was found in the last war, in the idea of 'national self-determination'—in restoring national freedom to the peoples dominated by Hitler. This, they tell us, as Mr. Chamberlain told us at the beginning of the war, is the sole purpose for which we are fighting. Nationalism, they insist, is still the one force which counts in the affairs of nations.

Now it is quite true that nationalism is still powerful; and that the peoples of Europe want before all else to be free of Nazi domination. And we are all agreed that the destruction of Hitlerism and the freeing of the enslaved nations is the first essential step towards the building of a new Europe. But it is only a beginning. Nationalism in itself is not enough. It is a negative idea; it divides rather than unites; and it has little or nothing to offer to the defeated peoples. It cannot of itself, as the failure of the last peace settlement shows, provide the positive and unifying idea which will enable Britain to unite and lead Europe.

What then is the answer? The failure of the peace settlement of Versailles may give us a clue. It has often been pointed out that one of the underlying reasons for the collapse of the Versailles settlement was its failure to tackle the economic problems of the post-war world. And that is very true. Poverty, inflation, unemployment, world economic depression—these were the results of that failure; and these were precisely the evils which gave birth to Hitlerism and war.

And after all it is only natural that neglect of economic things should lead to disaster. It is economic things—a man's daily work, food, clothes, a house for himself and his family—it is these things, or the lack of them, that occupy nine-tenths of the thoughts and pre-occupations of the ordinary Englishman, or Greek, or Swede or German.

AFTER THIS WAR

And after this war the economic things will be more important than ever. The ordinary folk of Europe will be starving, cold, in rags. At the same time the leading belligerents, on both sides, will have attained unprecedented levels of industrial production. Unless there is forged from the start an indissoluble link between that productive power and the consumer needs of the masses of ordinary folk, we shall be heading straight for disaster. We shall find ourselves back again in a chaos of unemployment, poverty and frustration even worse than that of the pre-war years. We shall have fought and won the war in vain.

In other words, we have got after this war to have an economic plan for Europe. And it is in working out that plan that we shall perhaps find the compelling idea, the common purpose, by which we can lead Europe to unity.

But here let us go back for a moment to Versailles and ask why it was that the statesmen of Versailles failed to tackle the economic problems. The answer may help us with our problem. And the answer is this: their failure was not due to neglect or stupidity. It was quite deliberate. They left economics out of account because they believed that economics could safely be left to look after themselves. In other words they believed in the system of free enterprise or *laisser-faire*. This was the system, they said to themselves, which had worked, and worked well, for a hundred years; and they sincerely believed that they were best serving the interests of humanity by getting back to it as quickly as possible.

What they did not realise was that the *laisser-faire* system, however well it may have worked in the nineteenth century, had all but broken down in the twentieth. It had broken down for three reasons: it was planless; it was purposeless; and it was producer-controlled.

First, take the question of producer-control. The whole tendency of modern economic development was and is towards the concentration of control in the hands of a small number of giant semi-monopolist producer and financial groups. These organisations had become so powerful that they could snap their fingers at the laws of supply and demand, on the smooth working of which the *laisser-faire* system was based. The consumer, the satisfaction of whose needs is the real purpose of any sane economic system, was powerless, forgotten. The result was a breakdown of the system at the consumer end. Real demand, that is to say the real needs of the consumer masses, could no longer make itself 'effective' in money terms, in purchasing-power. The productive machine appeared to be 'over-producing', which meant that it was producing, not more than people wanted, for millions were still going hungry and cold and in rags, but more than people could afford to buy. And as an inevitable result of this maladjustment between demand and supply, the productive machine became clogged. Production had to be restricted: vast natural resources were unused or wasted; technical inventions which might have caused revolutions in human well-being were quietly suppressed. Millions of men and women were thrown unwanted on to the vast human scrap-heap of unemployment.

Here and there, Governments stepped in to try and remedy the situation. But the producers were now so powerful that they could even control the Governments. So the Governments' remedies were producer-made remedies, which only made matters worse. The economic system plunged into a vicious spiral . . . which ended only in war.

PRODUCER-CONTROL

The second defect of the economic system of that period was that it was planless. In the early days of *laisser-faire* the system had planned itself, through the free interplay of the forces of supply and demand. Now that those forces had ceased to operate, it required the deliberate intervention of some human agency to do the planning in their place. This the producer interests obviously could not be expected to do—it was contrary to their very nature to get together and plan in the common interest. But the agency which might have done the planning, namely the State, was also powerless to do so because it was so largely controlled by the producer interests. So the system remained unplanned, both nationally and internationally—and this at the very time when the need for planning, both nationally and above all internationally, was becoming more urgent than ever before.

Finally, the system was purposeless—or rather,

it was devoid of any social purpose. The controllers of the economic system produced not because their products were socially useful, designed to meet a human need, but because they must make profits for themselves. The workers and the technicians worked because they must earn to keep body and soul together. They had no feeling that the thing they produced was something that ordinary men and women needed and felt grateful for. And so their daily lives were empty, selfish, frustrated.

A SUDDEN PURPOSE

And then suddenly the war came, and brought with it a fundamental change in the whole system. All at once there was a purpose in the system. The man who was making tanks, or soap, or boots, began to feel that he was doing something worth while—that every hour he worked created something of value for the community, brought victory a little nearer. And in relation to that purpose a plan began to emerge. The Government took the economic machine firmly in control, closed down redundant industries, encouraged industries vital to the war-effort, gave a helping hand here, asked for greater sacrifices there—all in the interests not of any one group or class, but of the people as a whole. And finally—and this is a point which is not always understood—the consumer for the first time gained the upper hand over the producer. For the Government in modern war becomes the all-powerful consumer; the insatiable consumer of shells, guns, tanks, aeroplanes; consumer of other things vital to a community at war: of foodstuffs, for instance, of the raw cotton and wool needed to clothe a people at war. In wartime the balance of economic power is once again redressed in favour of the consumer.

And what is the result? Judged by the standards of 1925 or 1935 it is a series of miracles. Unemployment vanishes. Every man, every machine, every national resource, is used to the full. Inventiveness springs to life in a thousand new inventions. A new sense of urgency, of common purpose, of solidarity in common effort, infuses people everywhere. Nor is that all. For Britain achieves miracles of production. To this day the British people are producing as much as the entire United States of America, a people with three times the population and resources. By the end of this year they will be producing as much as the whole of Europe, with ten times the population. Such are the miracles that can be achieved by a society whose economic life is planned, purposive, and no longer producer-controlled.

The lessons of all this for our economic policy in post-war Europe are inescapable. Whatever happens we have got to insist on keeping on in time of peace a system with the same kind of control in the interests of the consumer, with the same kind of planning, and above all with the same purposiveness, as that which has produced such remarkable results in war. We have got to keep it on, not merely for the period of relief, but as a permanent element in our economic life; and not merely here in Britain, but in Europe and wherever else our responsibility for leadership extends.

But, and this is the crux of the matter, can we find in peacetime a central purpose for our economic system as inspiring and unifying as the purpose of all-out production for victory has been in wartime? If we can answer this question, we shall go a long way towards solving our main problem, that of finding a common purpose with which to lead the peoples of Europe to unity.

WANTED—ANOTHER WAR!

The answer is not far to seek. It is to be found in another war. It is to be found in the war against poverty and ill-health of which Sir Stafford Cripps spoke in his speech at Bristol recently; in the war for the liberation of the neglected consumer masses from want and disease. It will be a long hard war. Remember that over a quarter of the people in these islands were still living, at the outbreak of war, below the poverty line. Remember that one half of the children of Britain are still brought up beneath the poverty line. And then remember that Britain is the richest country of Europe; and that the continent of Europe has been ravaged and despoiled by three years of war as Britain has never been. That is the measure of the enemy in this new world war. But it is an enemy against which we shall have all the peoples of Europe, victor, neutral and vanquished alike, as well as the peoples of the New World, of Russia and the Far East, as our willing allies.

But in this new and greater war our grand war-aim of victory over poverty, of liberation from want, is still broad and undefined. What we must now ask of our statesmen is that these broad and lofty aims be brought down to earth, defined in terms of clear and concrete objectives, which everyone can understand, which the British radio can broadcast to all the peoples of Europe as the accepted objectives of British policy at home, in

Europe, and wherever else British responsibilities may extend.

And here we must call in the scientists to our aid; for the scientists, who by their inventions in the technique of production have now for the first time created the possibility of defeating poverty and satisfying the basic needs of the consumer masses everywhere, have also created a technique for calculating those needs on a scientific basis. They can tell us in simple concrete terms what are the basic standards of diet, shelter, clothing, without which no one can be healthy and live a full free life as man and citizen. In other words they can define for us in concrete tangible terms, those basic Economic Rights of man, the attainment of which will be the war-aim of the great war against poverty and want.

ECONOMIC CHARTER

It will then be for the statesmen to give these objectives political form by embodying them in a Charter of the Economic Rights of Man, which would become the accepted post-war policy of the British Government, both at home and abroad. That is to say, the British Government would accept the fulfilment of the Charter here in Britain as the first charge on the resources of the British people after the war. It would simultaneously invite all the Governments of the United Nations and the neutral powers to accept a similar obligation to their peoples; and it would tell the enemy peoples in its propaganda to refuse to recognise any Government after their defeat which did not fully adhere to the Charter. The Charter would thus become the embodiment of the common economic purpose of the United Nations throughout the world, and in particular (since we are here considering the problem of Europe) of the European peoples to whom it will be Britain's responsibility to give leadership, victor and vanquished alike.

But Britain's responsibilities will not end with the general acceptance of the Charter and the fulfilment of its terms in Britain itself. Britain is one of the two or three great producing powers of the world; her standards of health, wealth and skill are far greater than those of most of the European peoples; and her lands have for the most part suffered far less from the devastation of war than theirs. For many years to come, the poorer nations of Europe will be quite unable to meet the full claims of their own peoples under the new Charter without extensive help from outside. Britain must therefore undertake, in common with other highly industrialised countries, and particularly Germany, to make a large contribution, without any immediate hope of return, to the common pool of resources.

From Britain, and from other nations with a relatively high standard of living, this will call in appearance for big sacrifices in the common interest; they will have, maybe, to postpone for a time the full measure of advance in their own standards which they might otherwise have achieved. But it will only be in appearance. For in exchange they will receive two inestimable benefits: first, the certainty that with such vast needs to be met they need never again fear the awful menace of unemployment; and secondly, the virtual certainty that so long as the peoples of Europe are working together in a great common endeavour such as this, they will not revert to the internecine feuds and hatreds which have made Europe the seed-bed of two world wars.

Once this common policy and purpose is accepted, it should not be difficult to devise the machinery and the methods by which to implement it. Inter-governmental machinery will in any case be needed, and is already being devised, for meeting the urgent relief needs of Europe when hostilities cease. The machinery for implementing, in Europe, the Charter of Economic Rights will merely be an extension into the less immediate future of the machinery required for immediate relief. And it will work smoothly provided that three conditions are satisfied: first that it is recognised from the start as a central and permanent part of the economic life of Europe; secondly that it is granted the full powers necessary to plan the implementation of the Charter, and to produce results—which means that it must be given the full and unwavering support of the British Government; and thirdly, that from the start a key role in its working should be allotted to the scientists who have worked out the original Charter.

EUROPEAN PLANNING

The period of relief would thus be merely the first stage in a continuous and planned advance towards the fulfilment of the basic Economic Rights of man as defined in the Charter. Having attained their first objective—that of relieving the most desperate needs of a starving Europe—the European peoples, still applying the principles of the Charter, would set themselves a new objective in the shape of a new standard at a slightly higher level. Each new objective would be planned for, perhaps on a five-year basis, by the European Economic Authority charged with planning the

implementation of the Charter; each nation would be asked to draw up a plan showing what contribution it could make to achieving the Target level, first for itself, and then, if it were an advanced country with a surplus of resources available, for other and less advanced countries; and from the mutual adjustment of these plans by the European Economic Authority the common plan for the following period would emerge.

This does not mean that the whole economic life of Europe would be planned in every detail and that private enterprise would be suffocated by an all-embracing bureaucracy. It merely means that over a limited but vital range of goods and services, namely those which go to meet the basic needs of every human being, there will be public international control and planning of the broad lines of economic activity. Provided they can convince the Planning Authority that their way of fulfilling the plan is efficient and will deliver the goods, it will be open to every people to administer their part of the plan either by State control or through private enterprise. The results are what matter; and once the plan is accepted, each Government will be responsible before its people and before Europe for seeing that the results are forthcoming.

Here then is an economic system which, as regards the absolutely basic essentials of life, will be controlled not by the producers but by the consumers, represented by Governments bound by Charter to fulfil their basic needs. Here is a system which is planned, not merely nationally, but internationally, and planned in the interests of the great masses of the people. And here finally is a system with a purpose—the simple but vital purpose of fulfilling the vital needs of ordinary men and women; a purpose which is capable of uniting the ordinary folk of Europe, victor, neutral and vanquished alike, in a great common undertaking.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Britain led the way for Europe in defining and establishing the political rights of man. Those rights, that freedom, have once again been challenged by the Nazis, and Britain has again taken the lead in defending them. But it is not enough to remain on the defensive. In the realm of ideas, too, Britain must go on to the offensive if she is to keep her position of leadership. In the twentieth century Britain must lead the way for Europe in the fight for the Economic Rights of Man.

ART FRONT

The Royal Academy and the Post-War World

The remark 'one day so-and-so will be a Royal Academician' would probably be intended as a sharp insult, if it were uttered in certain circles. It is hardly necessary to point out that such observations, uttered in a derogatory spirit, are unfair since most distinguished artists may be counted among Academy membership.

Many of its critics regard the Academy as so much dead wood, more likely to retard than to promote the progress of the Arts, rather in the way that the Left-winger, let us say, regards the more 'blimpish' elements in the Conservative Party. For him the figure of the typical R. A. symbolises the wrong kind of success. Perhaps he thinks of him as a portrait painter, suave and prosperous, his studio frequented by titled sitters; his cellar stocked with expensive wine. There is only a certain amount of truth in such imaginings: until society is more justly reconstituted who can altogether blame the portraitist for charging exorbitant prices if sitters are ready to pay them? Any serious criticism of the Academy should take into consideration the general condition of art in this country. Most thinking people realise that for many years society has been forcing the artist into a less and less tenable position, just as they realise that artists everywhere have a hard and often bitter struggle for survival. The dilemma is this: we have a vast wasted potential of talent on the one hand, the urgent need of palliating the ugliness of industrial civilisation on the other. Would it not be possible for the Academy to take a more constructive lead? The efforts of the artist are everywhere needed to bring interest and vitality to our surroundings. That the need will be even greater in the post-war years will be obvious to most thoughtful people.

If artists are to play this vital part they must form themselves into a more united community. The formation of a Central Institute of Art and Design is an important move. So are the shows of carefully chosen paintings which C.E.M.A., the British Institute of Adult Education and the Artists' International Association are sending to various parts of the country. The United Artists' Exhibitions at the Royal Academy are a further step in this direction. MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

A SWIMMING POOL, by A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.

This compares unfavourably with the painting below. It is done with a suave, brilliant technique that has little meaning

NOTE. *Pictures of horses are Munnings' best work—recognised as the most accomplished sporting pictures of the time*

ALL-NIGHT CAFÉ, by EDWARD LE BAS

This is a good picture. The design has a strong interesting pattern. It is painted with breadth and imagination

This is the first of a new series of articles by authors of world importance comparing the best of the modern æsthetic with the best of the past

by J. M. RICHARDS

Author of 'A Miniature History of the English House', the Pelican 'Modern Architecture', editor of 'The Architectural Review'

Architecture the Social Art

In trying to look at ancient and modern architecture with the same eyes, and see them together in the perspective of history, one is faced with two difficulties. One has to understand the various things that have taken place to prevent architecture ever being quite the same again, and at the same time one has to recognise how much old and new architecture have in common—much more than superficial differences of appearance might lead one to believe.

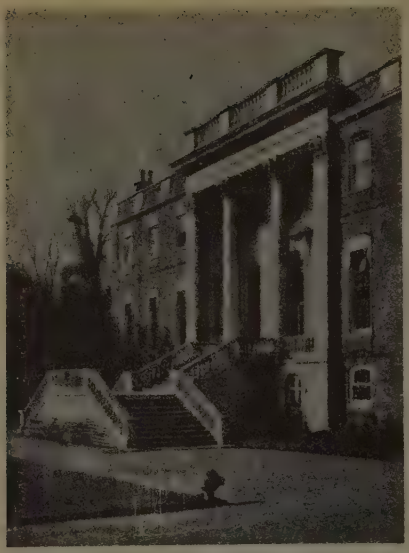
It is natural that they should have a good deal in common, if only because the same thing—the covering (or enclosure) of space—has been and remains architecture's first functional task. Different ages have found different ways of doing it, according to their engineering skill, the

Throughout history a constant aim of architecture has been the covering in of spaces with the minimum apparent effort and the maximum impressiveness of effect. King's Chapel, Cambridge (facing), highly enriched though it is, exemplifies the fundamental simplicity of shape achieved at the end of the Gothic period, when the old complexity of plan had been eliminated. King's Cross Station (above) shows the nineteenth-century engineers doing the same thing, following a new demand for large covered spaces, and the discovery of the structural use of iron. These two illustrations show the remarkable resemblance between the most advanced Gothic and modern construction. Each is a system of ribs, transferring the weight of the roof on to a minimum number of slender vertical supports

materials at their disposal and the social purposes their buildings have been required to serve; but the covering of space is the elementary fact of all architecture from the primitive turf hut to the aircraft factory of 1942. Indeed, the evolution of architectural technique can be identified with a struggle on the builder's part to cover larger and larger spaces more economically, to the limit that his resources allowed and the needs of his time required.

This is not a new way of looking at history. It is a common-place that Roman architecture flowered ambitiously out of its Greek prototype as the Roman engineers learnt the use of the arch and the vault; that the airy achievements of Gothic architecture grew further and further remote from the static solidity of the Romanesque as the medieval masons explored the constructional avenues opened to them by the introduction of the pointed arch, and as their greater skill in mechanics enabled them to concentrate the load of their vaulted roofs on fewer and fewer points of support; and finally that the pioneers of modern architecture first exploited the new materials science had evolved for them, iron and steel and concrete, by throwing bridges undreamed-of distances at a single leap, or roofing in huge spaces like those that contained the Great Exhibition of 1851 or the London railway termini at King's Cross and St. Pancras. I only draw attention to this aspect of architecture's evolution because it is the clue both to the qualities all architecture has in common and to the essential difference between the architecture of one age and that of another.

I was careful to say that the idea of covering larger and larger spaces was pursued in relation to social needs as well as material resources. For

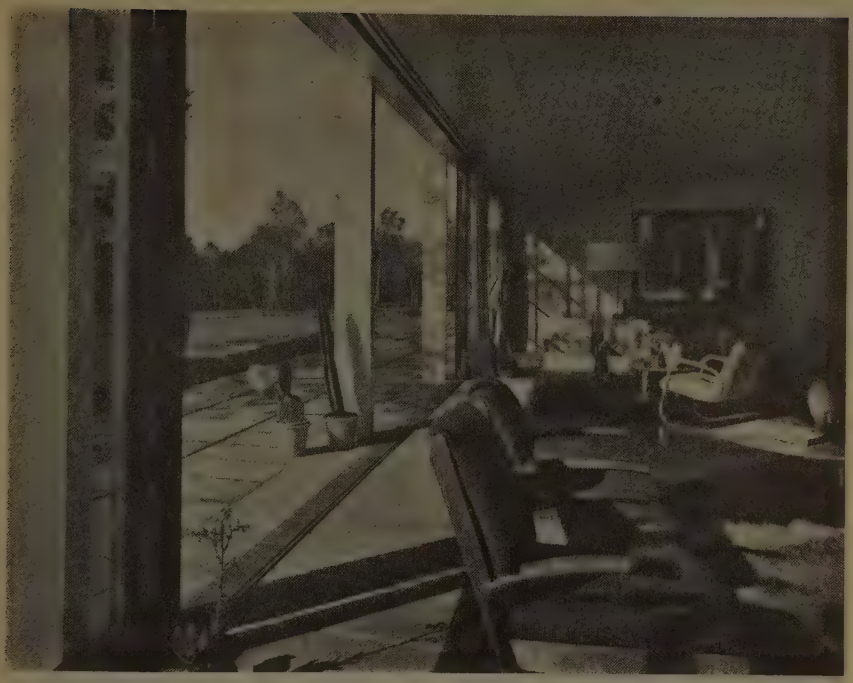


The garden fronts of two country houses, (above) one of the eighteenth century (Sudbrooke Park, Richmond, by James Gibbs, 1726), and (facing) one of today (Bentley, Halland, Sussex, by Serge Chermayeff, 1938). Both belong to periods when elegance was a principal aim. The eighteenth-century house achieves it by refinement of proportion and detail in a formal, solid, brick and stone façade. In the modern house the solidity of the façade has melted away; a frame structure allows the interior to be thrown open to the garden. Elegance comes from precision of finish and subtle use of materials

this is one of those occasions when we come up against the old query: which came first, the hen or the egg? It is just as true to say that the Romans discovered the vault because Roman civilisation demanded great covered spaces in which crowds could foregather, as it is to say that these buildings were the result of the Roman discovery of a new engineering principle; and similarly it is just as true to say that the Greek architects confined themselves to column and lintel construction because to them architecture was temple architecture and their religious rites outdoor ones, focused on the temple as a compact, enduring, sculptural symbol, only entered by a privileged few, as it would be to say that they did not build larger and more spacious buildings because they had not discovered the use of the arch. In fact technical innovations cannot be looked at independently of the social demand for them, and they change their character according to the direction in which a generation's whole mind may be focused.

To see the extravert character and the materialist philosophy of the Roman Empire expressed in its magnificent but somewhat tawdry architecture, and at the same time its expansionist policies inspiring the constructional feats of its engineers; to see both the aspiring mysticism of the Middle Ages, and the dominating power of the church as an institution, expressed in the great Gothic cathedrals with their richness of anonymous workmanship; to see the secularisation of philosophy and the rediscovery of the individual expressed in the palaces of the Renaissance or the country houses of Georgian England, each the acknowledged work of an individual artist and each proclaiming its own right of self-determination in place of medieval submission to a superior power—substituting a more human form of grandeur for the great covered spaces in which the social life of a medieval community was focused, but also introducing a new equivalent for them in the shape of planned towns, whose spatial organization expressed civic pride, or in the parks round gentlemen's country seats where the whole landscape was made to submit to architectural rules; to see all these leads us naturally to ask how modern architecture appears when analysed from the same point of view.

To begin with, it does not need pointing out how the disunity of social purpose that first became evident at the same time as the Industrial Revolution is reflected in the chaotic state of contemporary architecture; how a false sense of values is reflected in the architectural falsity that dresses buildings up in reminiscent styles and regards architectural design as picture-making out of bits of the past. For there is nothing new to be said about period-style architecture and its irrelevance to the whole nature of architecture as a creative human activity. But during the last twenty years another kind of architecture has grown up, one that has become known as 'modern' architecture. I will not call it a new style because that word suggests only one more fancy dress of the kind that can be assumed or discarded at will. There is, of course, a fancy-dress modernism in the shape of the 'modernistic' or jazz-modern style, which history may class among the other eclectic styles with which buildings have at various times been decked out; but the authentic modern architecture is quite different because it is the product of a different way of thinking—one that cannot be described



here in detail but may be summarised as being based on a scientific analysis of actual architectural needs and as attaining its æsthetic standards as part of the process of meeting these needs lucidly, imaginatively and economically, instead of by a process of ornamentation. Whatever limitations may be discernible in its present stage of maturity, it is clearly the architecture that belongs to our own age. Its merits cannot be assessed independently of the ideals towards which the best elements of our time are themselves striving, and—to return to the picture I have drawn of social and technical evolution taking place each in support of the other—in the trend of modern architecture we *can* see an expression of the trend of modern civilisation, and also the technical means by which it will pursue its trend still further. I repeat that, apart from its role as the embodiment of the ideals of this civilisation, 'modern' architecture has no future—or only that of a stimulating but academic exercise in non-representational æsthetics.

The first thing about modern architecture is that it is essentially a community architecture. Its characteristics are its humanitarianism and its sense of order—as distinct from individual assertiveness. The modern equivalent of the Roman baths, the Gothic cathedral and the Renaissance palace will probably not be found in any single building, so greatly has twentieth-century science enlarged the scale on which human activities are conceived, but in such a future achievement as the coherently planned housing scheme, the residential community devised for a varied and balanced life—compact, since human beings are gregarious by nature, yet spaciously laid out among trees and gardens; free and easy without sacrifice of privacy; vigorous in design, yet with that airy elegance that modern constructional methods produce as a concomitant of vigour—and incorporating all the community buildings civilised living demands.

This kind of planning on a community scale is typical of the way architecture goes to work in the modern world, and architecture's historic task of enclosing space now takes on a rather

different meaning. It now does unequivocally what, as I have already mentioned, the Georgian age made the first move towards doing; it embraces the whole landscape, which modern transport has now made it possible to apprehend as an entity. And the modern equivalent of the covered spaces wherein ancient architecture achieved its greatest triumphs, lies in the uncovered spaces between terraces and blocks of buildings, in the intimate enclosure of streets, squares and gardens and in the spatial organization of a community regarded as a whole. The art of enclosing space has transferred its emphasis from building to town-planning.

So much for the dependence of architectural ideals on social ones, both now and in the past. But whether we regard technical developments as being stimulated by social needs or as themselves provoking social changes, the ideals of an authentic contemporary architecture must also bear a close relationship to the techniques current in the world it inhabits. We therefore find modern architecture evolving in close co-operation with large scale industrial organization—and this is the thing that prevents it ever being the same again. The planned application of industrial technique has taken the place of *ad hoc* craftsmanship.

For the first time, as a result of the factory system, instead of buildings being made on the spot from raw materials gathered together for the purpose, the work on the site has become—and is daily more completely becoming—a matter of assembling ready-made parts. The factory-hand, who knows and cares nothing of the eventual destiny of the particular unit he is producing, has taken the place of the craftsman who had some degree of positive responsibility, and could watch the building being completed as a result of his efforts. Designing has become more and more remote from the process of putting the design into operation. This is not the place to discuss the serious psychological problems raised by this change, but the use of standard factory-made parts in the place of purpose-made ones has also had a number of direct repercussions on the architectural nature of buildings. For instance, it puts the ornamentation of buildings in quite a different light. Carved ornament and such-like was a symbol of the work put into enriching a building; it stood for the expenditure of someone's skill and patience. But now that ornament is produced by machinery, it stands for nothing of the sort; machinery has abolished the virtue of doing something because it is difficult. That is why modern buildings are simpler in style than those of other periods—it has nothing to do with modern architecture being 'functional' or modern life being lived at a quicker tempo, or any other of the reasons sometimes put forward. Buildings are simple because complication of detail is not the machine's method of beautification.

That is only one example of a fundamental change brought about by factory technique. It is a more significant one, I think, than that represented by the appearance of new materials themselves. Steel, concrete and plate-glass are wonderful things, but by themselves they do not make a new architecture—nor, of course, is the modernity of so-called 'modern' architecture in any way dependent on their use. It depends on the scientific spirit, the social awareness and the integrity of æsthetic imagination with which they or any other appropriate materials, old or new, are used—brick and stone can embody this spirit just as well, if not quite so strikingly.

New techniques and materials have, nevertheless, played a great part in the development of modern architecture. We can perhaps sum up their influence by saying that they have enabled architects to take advantage of a new flexibility of structure. This once again identifies changes in architectural form with changes in the technique of covering space. For apart from the change we observed when we saw the kind of spaces with which architecture was concerning itself expanding in scale to reach the planned landscape, the covering of space in the more limited sense of constructing buildings has itself undergone a change, one that is typical of modern architecture, if not inseparable from it. This new flexibility has resulted from the introduction of the frame in place of the wall. In the old days space was covered by enclosing a cube of it inside four solid walls, through which holes were pierced for doors and windows, and it was subdivided by equally rigid partition walls. But since steel and reinforced concrete enabled the weight of a roof to be supported on a few widely spaced verticals, the solidity of the wall has disappeared. The typical modern building, structurally speaking, is a frame or skeleton, the spaces between being filled in, or glazed, or left open as desired. The hard and fast division between room and room has gone; so has the rigid continuity of floor levels; so—aided by the cantilever—has the separation between indoors and out: parts of buildings can be open to the air or parts of gardens can be included under the roof. There is continuous uninterrupted floor-space,

about which non-weightbearing partitions can be disposed at will; and finally there is the possibility of exploiting the third dimension freely, which has always been the ambition of architecture. These, above all, produce the flexibility I have spoken of as being both an illustration of modern informality and one of its sources.

I have not said much about æsthetics so far, because the philosophy of modern architecture does not encourage the conception of æsthetic character as being something independent of a building's organic growth. But it should not be necessary to emphasise that this does not mean that modern architecture is 'functional' in any sense of having abandoned its status as an art and let beauty come as it may. On the contrary, by liberating architectural design from enslavement to the literary values of period-style architecture and the purely associative ones of romantic picturesqueness, it gives architects a greater chance of exploring the territory architecture as an art is most concerned with: space and its definition by enclosure, proportion of line and surface, the intrinsic beauties of materials, and so on. Nevertheless, planning and designing are one. It is part of the whole foundation of modern architecture that its practitioners combine the three-dimensional imagination needed to translate their analysis of functional needs into architectural form, with the imagination that creates visual effects.

It is admittedly difficult for people to whom architecture means the decorative symbols with which they are accustomed to see buildings of any pretention adorned, to appreciate immediately the æsthetic possibilities and artistic logic of a way of building that does not rely on such symbols, especially if they have not studied the corresponding experiments in pure form associated with the cubist and constructivist movements in painting and sculpture. These latter, which preceded the rise of modern architecture itself, provide evidence that modern architecture's æsthetic trends are not derived solely from function, but are part of the artistic currency of our time. One other difficulty is that most people have never seen an authentic modern building, but this is a less serious one than the slowness with which changing æsthetic ideals produce a connoisseur public accustomed to judge architecture on the architect's own standards and no other. At the moment, although subtlety may in fact be more sought after than ornateness, the public sensibility to intrinsic beauty of form or material is still blunted by the effect of generations of commercial vulgarity. The most notable

A London department store (by William Crabtree) that clearly expresses the frame system of construction from which so much of the character of modern architecture is derived. The walls no longer carry the weight of the roof, but are light screens passing in front of the steel frame. The building obviously seeks to extract beauty from the nature of factory-made materials rather than from individual craftsmanship

visual quality of modern architecture, for example, is exactness of form and finish, derived from the use of manufactured materials, the dependence of successful factory production on exact design, with the minimum margin left for error, and the introduction of structural materials whose nature lends itself to exact calculation of sizes. As a result of this, we get the lightness of structure typical of modern architecture, and we get gracefulness of form replacing the deliberate solidity of form associated with most architecture of the past. But the public still is not used to the idea that an impressive effect is separable from massiveness, which is only a survival from the days when sheer weight of material was used as a safeguard against inexact knowledge of its behaviour. It is possible that in time modern standards of exactitude may develop in people's eyes a subtler sense of visual discrimination, such as was presumably possessed by the ancient Greeks, whose architecture depended so much on refinement of line and proportion. That will exemplify once more how various characteristics recur at different periods of architectural history, reborn as the spirit of the time demands. Alongside the characteristics peculiar to this industrial age, modern architecture echoes the æsthetic purity of the Greeks, the dynamic structural thrust and counter-thrust of the Gothic, which similarly balanced huge masses on the slenderest supports, and the non-individualistic, civic planning achieved in the eighteenth century.

This general view of one of the war-workers' hostels recently put up by the Ministry of Supply, though it does not show the architectural variety that has, in fact, been combined with construction in pre-fabricated units, nor the bright clear colours, is intended to illustrate one aspect of modern architecture that the war is bringing to the front: the large scale on which its programmes are conceived, so that a complete community is catered for as an architectural whole. Landscaping, town-planning and a flexible, organic architecture are fused together, instead of isolated buildings being designed as separate, self-sufficient monuments

Notwithstanding all the foregoing, however, I do not think it is in character with the real contribution it promises to make to twentieth century civilisation, to present modern architecture in the guise of a new æsthetic adventure, exciting though this adventure is for those who are taking part in it. That is a mistake which was made fifty years ago by the *art nouveau* movement, which, being no more deeply rooted than its name implies, soon degenerated into a mere fashion in decoration. Ordinary people will only come to understand the æsthetic values associated with the modern approach to architecture if they are stimulated to doing so by discovering that this approach—and this one only—can give them what they have a right to expect of architecture: not merely more physical conveniences but a wholly satisfactory environment in which all their needs and ideals find expression—not forgetting, of course, either their need for visual beauty or their attachment to the traditions of the past. With regard to this latter, I need hardly emphasise that a brave new world, brand-new from top to bottom, is by no means the modern architect's ultimate aim. The continuity of history makes architecture all one, and development of a special sensibility to the æsthetic language appropriate to our own time does not imply blindness to the merits of the best architecture of the past, nor insensibility to the historic meaning it is charged with. Rather does it sharpen discrimination. Understanding of the modern world and its potentialities, which the possession of a consistent modern architectural philosophy would indicate, implies also a sense of historical perspective. This in its turn welcomes the existence of visible evidence of the past, but leaves no doubt that the best way of paying respect to the architectural achievements of our forefathers is to emulate them by aiming at a similar high standard of integrity, dignity and workmanship, according to our own fashions. Respect is certainly not paid by parodying their efforts.

In any case, our fondness for the familiar architectural landmarks of history is no more a purely visual affair than is our ambition to find an authentic modern architecture to serve as an equivalent. It is part of our consciousness of the oneness of our inheritance and our opportunities. Architecture is the embodiment of history, and we are aware that a generation gets the architecture it and its institutions deserve. As I have tried in this article to point out, it is not possible to separate architectural from social evolution. The conclusion this inescapably leads to is that the establishment of conditions in which good architecture can become a reality—that is, architecture in which the resources of man's knowledge are utilised intelligently, democratically and imaginatively—is inseparable from the evolution of such an architecture itself.

By creating a new background for everyday life in tune with the modern world, modern architecture can take its place as one of the creative human activities. Because of its scientific, organic nature the authentic modern architecture is one of this century's real contributions to the creative integration of modern resources with human needs. Previous ages, as we have seen, have always managed to achieve a close contact between the spirit dominating an age and its artistic achievements. Modern architecture can help our own age to do so too. In that sense—in the sense that it is closest to the broad democratic aspirations of our time—it is also the only really traditional architecture.

Photographs are by courtesy of 'The Architectural Review'

SCIENCE FRONT

HOW DOES FOOD WORK

In other words, how does the fuel which we take in as food become transformed into the energy which we use to work our muscles? The fuel we put into a car as petrol is exploded in the cylinders, the explosion presses on the pistons, they give a push to the crankshaft and that makes the wheels go round. We still have only a very vague idea of what corresponds to this in the human machine.

We know in fair detail what happens when our food-fuel is 'burnt' in a muscle; it goes through a very complicated series of chemical reactions, which on balance set free energy just as burning petrol does. We know, in a general way, what happens when a muscle contracts; the muscle is made up of molecules which are long, thin strings of atoms, and when it contracts, these fold up into a shorter length. What we still want to know is how these two parts of the story fit together.

A group of workers in the Biochemical Laboratory at Cambridge have just announced a considerable advance towards the solution of this fundamental problem. They find that the muscle-molecules themselves take part in the series of reactions involved in burning food-fuel, and that when they do so they become longer. Their theory is that immediately after a muscle has contracted it takes part in the burning of some fuel, and thus becomes longer and at the same time charged with energy, which it can give out again as soon as the nerves give it a new order to contract.

YELLOW FEVER

In spite of the terrific power of modern weapons (of defence as well as attack), science has made war somewhat safer for the soldiers who engage in it. The other day the eminent American biologist, Dr. Blakeslee, quoted the death-rate due to battle injuries in the American Civil War as 33 per thousand; in the last war it had risen to 53, but meanwhile the death-rate from illness had fallen from 65 to 19, so the total rate of the last war (72 per thousand) was less than in the Civil War (98).

As more and more tropical countries come into the picture, the task of keeping soldiers healthy is getting more difficult. Luckily there have been some important advances in tropical medicine recently; the new diamidine drugs were described in Science Front in February 1942. We have also got a new weapon against the dreaded yellow fever, which is caused by a virus. It was discovered some time ago that the yellow fever virus has two types of virulence. One attacks the 'innards' (liver, kidneys, heart), the other the nerves. The virus that usually occurs in nature can do both. But man suffers worst in his innards, the mouse in its nerves. By cultivating the virus in mice, scientists have prepared a vaccine which mainly attacks the nerves, and, since man's nerves are not very susceptible, is fairly safe to use to immunise men against the disease.

Workers at the Rockefeller Foundation have gone one better. They cultivate the nerve virus in chicken embryos from which all the nerves have been removed. The virus, having nothing to attack, loses its virulence. It is then more or less ineffective against either innards or nerves, but it still confers immunity on anyone into whom it is injected. The new preparation, known as 17 D, has been employed on more than a million people in Brazil, with very favourable results.

AVIATION MEDICINE

The performance of fighting aircraft puts strains on the human body which it can only just bear. The main problems (at any rate as far as the public has been allowed to know) are the lack of oxygen, the low atmospheric pressure, and the cold at high altitudes, and the centrifugal forces caused by turns at high speed. The design of breathing masks which stand up to the low temperatures is a ticklish business. But the warmth of the crew should present no great scientific problems; there is plenty of heat available from the engines, and the task is essentially one of designing a system which will lead it to the places where it is wanted.

The low pressure is not so easily dealt with. In about 10 minutes, a modern fighter may rise from the ground to about 35,000 feet. Up there the atmospheric pressure is only a quarter what it is at sea level. The provision of extra oxygen does not fully meet the situation. There is always a small amount of air dissolved in the blood; when the atmospheric pressure is reduced, the amount of air which the blood can hold in solution becomes less, and some of that which had been dissolved appears as bubbles, like those in a bottle of soda-water when you take the cork out.

The minute bubbles of oxygen do little harm because the body can immediately absorb them again. But the other main constituent of air is nitrogen, and if bubbles of nitrogen form in the blood, they are difficult to get rid of and cause the agonising condition known as 'bends'. The trouble is well-known to divers, who, of course, also undergo decompression when they rise to the surface from a deep dive. They normally avoid bends by ascending slowly, to give time for the excess nitrogen to escape gradually. But that way out is clearly impossible for pilots. According to American information, however, there are two methods which entirely get over the difficulty. One is pre-oxygenation; if a pilot breathes pure oxygen for some time before making a flight, the nitrogen is entirely lost from his blood before he leaves the ground. The other is simply selection of suitable personnel. It turns out that people vary very much in their liability to bends, and the susceptible ones can be weeded out by testing them in a decompression chamber.

No satisfactory cure for the fourth problem, the 'blackout' when turning at high speed, has been published. The centrifugal force produced when pulling out of a power dive or when turning at speed may be several times that of gravity. In effect, the pilot becomes five or six times heavier than he normally is. The most important result is that the blood may become too heavy for the heart to circulate; it is driven away from the head and the pilot faints. There is a time factor involved; most people can stand a force of five times gravity for about 4½ seconds, and one of seven times for about 2 seconds. There is some variability in the capacity to withstand such forces, but no individuals are as good as we should like. The Germans have published various suggestions for increasing resistance. Perhaps the most popular among pilots was based on the idea that if the stomach was full of a hearty meal, there would not be so much room for the blood to flow away from the head into the abdomen. Rather more promising sounds the use of drugs like pituitrin and adrenalin which contract the smaller blood vessels. Mechanical devices for constricting the legs and abdomen have also been suggested; for instance, pneumatic belts or trousers. The Germans seem to have also experimented with a 'water-suit'; the pilot wears a complete waterproof suit, the space between the skin and the suit being filled with water, which acts as a cushion so that the acceleration forces are transformed into a uniform pressure over the whole surface of the body; it is said to improve resistance to blackout but to be 'unsatisfactory for other reasons'.

THE SEXUAL RHYTHM

Life involves a great number of rhythmical processes—for instance, the contraction and relaxation of the heart, the inspiration and expiration of breath. One of the most difficult to understand is the sexual rhythm. Most female mammals come into 'heat' at regular intervals; and in man and his near relations, the higher apes, the rhythm of mating-periods is transformed into a rhythm of uterine bleeding. Until recently the standard theory was that the sexual rhythm is caused directly by the growth and liberation of egg-cells one after another in the ovaries. It has been conclusively shown that as an egg grows, the cells surrounding it form a particular hormone which diffuses into the blood and causes the changes characteristic of the first part of a sexual period; and similarly, after the egg has become fully grown and been shed from the ovary, another hormone is produced which controls the changes of the second half.

Recent work seems to show that that is not the whole of the story. Biologists at Oxford first removed the ovaries completely from female rats, and then gave them just sufficient of one of the sex-hormones to keep them going. Surprisingly enough, the rats showed typical sexual rhythms. The periodicity must have been due to something else, not the ovaries. One's first guess at the organ responsible would probably be the little pituitary gland at the base of the brain. It is well known that the numerous hormones that circulate in the blood work together like the members of a team; but the hormones made in the pituitary very often seem to be the most important ones, and a prominent expert has called it 'the conductor of the hormone orchestra.' But in this case it is not the pituitary which is responsible for the rhythms in the ovary-less rats; rhythms still occurred in rats without ovaries or pituitaries. As far as the Oxford workers could determine, the glands responsible are the little adrenals, which lie near the kidneys; but the evidence is still not quite convincing and the investigations are going on. The important thing is that a new stage is beginning to open out in our understanding of the sexual processes of animals—and, quite apart from any discoveries of (human) medical importance which may be made by future developments of this line, infertility of the female is still a source of enormous loss every year to the stock-farmer.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE INSINCERITIES OF PARTY

It can hardly be said that the great issues which are decided at the General Election have been kept free from the disturbing influence of mere *ad captandum* appeals which have little or nothing to do with the main question. To read many of the speeches it might be imagined that the most important question before the country was whether or not the Government acted fairly in rendering it impossible for Londoners to vote on Saturday. That is the Liberal red herring, which seems to be prodigiously admired by many of the more cunning wirepullers, whose estimate of the intelligence of the working man appears to to be as low as their own appreciation of the ethics of electioneering.

THE ORANGE SCARECROW

The Unionists have their red herring, which is only a shade less disreputable than the Gladstonian clap-trap about the Saturday polling. The Ulster bogie has been overdone. There is no doubt a perfectly fair and legitimate use to be made of the reluctance of Belfast to acquiesce in the establishment of an Irish Parliament in Dublin. But to make the exaggerated nervousness of a few intelligent well-to-do North of Ireland men the pivot of a great Imperial question, is not exactly an attempt to see life sanely.

SIR CHARLES DILKE

Sir Charles Dilke last month attended a miners' demonstration at Wakefield. The Bishop of the City and the principal Nonconformist ministers signed the following public protest against his appearance on the platform:

'We believe that miners are fully as much convinced of the value of personal character and of purity of life as any other class, but we feel a painful though necessary duty to protest against confidence being placed in the political guidance of any one convicted in a court of law of grave moral offence. We are sure that while legislation so intimately affects moral questions in all directions it is essential that electors should regard as of the highest importance the moral character of those to whom they commit the enactment of such legislation.'

Lord Houghton and the Liberal candidate for Wakefield refused to attend the demonstration owing to the ill-omened visitor, and the *Wakefield Express* denounced his presence as an outrage on the city. It is to be hoped that the need for any such protests will be obviated by his retirement or by his confession. 'Deliverance or Doom', a pamphlet which I published last month, sets forth the facts about the alleged 'persecution', with some account of the national protest against his return to public life, and the judge's summing-up, so as to end all controversy on the subject. No one will be more heartily glad to have done with it than those whose painful duty it has been to insist that Sir Charles Dilke should clear his character before attempting to return to public life.

'In cycling circles we may look out for the "poly-cycle omnibus", with a seating capacity for eight or ten persons, who will be expected to do their fair share of the work.'
—Daily News, July 1892.

Latin America is News!

At last the Americans and British are taking more interest in Latin America—more still since Axis activities in Argentina. George Greenwood reviews Good Neighbours *by Hubert Herring. Oxford University Press, Humphrey Milford, 18s. 6d.*

A few paces behind her ally the United States, Great Britain is rediscovering South America. It is high time, too. But Britain has no excuse for the neglect of a century. All things considered, the Republics have been her good friends. True, she has sent her surplus wealth, two thousand millions sterling of it, to the Argentine, Brazil, Chile and the rest for the exploitation of their riches, but Britain's reward has been great. She has, in fact, benefited out of all comparison with the Republics themselves. It is monstrous that we have remained so long in such ignorance of good friends.

One method of repairing errors is to read Mr. Hubert Herring's book. I have rarely come across a volume more fascinating. This book defies classification. It is neither historical nor descriptive; not a guide-book nor encyclopædia alone, but something of each. It is not heavy. It is not snippety. It is substantial and satisfying—and entertaining. Most important, it is, judging from facts at my command and a swift comparison with other recent books, reliable. So it should be. Hubert Herring has been for nearly twenty years visiting constantly this kaleidoscope of nations. For fifteen years he has been Director of the American Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. He knows, or has known, practically all the leading men of affairs worth knowing there. He is, from my own knowledge of some of those he writes about, an acute judge of character and personality. Mr. Herring is entitled to be heard. Well, here is his story.

A vivid one it is. And a long one, which cannot be told, but only sketched, in a volume of 350 odd pages. There is, to begin with, the immensity of the territory—something like 5,000 miles from the Mexico–U.S.A. border down to Cape Horn. There is the immensity of its population—something like 260,000,000, representing nearly every race, colour and creed. There is the clash of old civilisations with the modern. There is prodigious wealth and abysmal poverty. There is the clash, too, of religion and secularism, of autocracy and democracy.

Most important of all, at this moment, there is a real and imminent peril to these self-reliant, self-governing states. It is a peril which comes of envious and greedy eyes cast upon an immense and hardly touched storehouse of natural riches, upon vast open spaces which invite the hand of the exploiter and the cultivator. It is a peril which the Republics alone, poorly armed and equipped, would, in the face of Axis onslaught, be incapable of withstanding. To this extent the decision of the Rio Conference recommending an end to diplomatic relations with the Axis (which most of the Republics have adopted, and, as their courage grows, others will adopt) is an heroic gesture. In short, the South Americas say to the world: 'Now you know where we are.' And knowing where they are, it is for the enemies of the Axis to bring them right within the orbit of those who, cherishing freedom, will do battle to maintain it.

Mr. Herring wrote, of course, before this decision was reached. In the light of his disclosures about the interplay of South American politics and the reaction of the Republics to the rest of the world, it can only be regarded as astonishing. Take Argentina, with her Spanish historic affiliations, speaking still the language of the country which remains one of Hitler's friends. Here is the paradox of a nation whose material wealth is held, like that of all her neighbours, by the tiniest handful of the people wielding supreme economic power, with a vast dispossessed population fully enfranchised and jealous of its political rights. To this extent the people are ahead of the Government. There is no doubt that it was the voice of Argentine democracy, always conscious of the subversive

work of the quarter of a million Germans in its midst, which shepherded a not too willing Argentine Government into the anti-Axis fold. If you read between the lines of this book, you will be in no doubt why, after days of dither, the Argentine representatives at Rio eventually adhered to the momentous declaration of the Conference. You will understand, too, why the Republic delays a declaration of war.

But here is an oddity. Argentina, a democracy, hesitates while Brazil, under rigid dictatorship, ruled by decree, goes all out for the Allies and freedom. Why is that? Mr. Herring helps us to understand. Argentina is coy in her relations with the U.S.A., but of all the South American Republics Brazil is probably the oldest friend and best neighbour of the land of the Stars and Stripes. In parentheses, he might have added, but does not, that she is on the best of good terms, too, with America's firm ally Great Britain. If the author had written after instead of before the Conference, I am sure he would have invited us to mark, in particular, Brazil's courage. For Brazil has Germans everywhere—four times the number in Argentina. Their Fifth Column organisation, if Mr. Herring is right, reaches perfection! Hitler, he declares, is reported to have said: 'I could take Brazil by telephone.' But why, you might ask, does Brazil tolerate these 950,000 odd Germans—50,000 of them actually born in the Reich? Well, is it an easy matter to control or subordinate so many folk who have woven themselves into the very pattern, economic and political, of a nation? It is not. Brazil's enemy is within as well as without. This is one more reason, apart from ties of intimacy and understanding, why she springs quickly to the side of the United States and Britain.

Chile has many Germans, too. But her problem differs a good deal from that of the other Republics. Down along the Pacific coast she stretches like a gigantic ribbon. For Chile measures twenty-six hundred miles from tip to tip. Seldom is she more than a hundred miles wide. At practically all points she is exposed, unoccupied, undefended. Chile's peril, then, is not so much from the domiciled Germans as from Hitler's Asiatic ally across the ocean. For some reason unstated, Mr. Herring does not develop this menace. Instead, he gives in his mosaic of a country of surpassing beauty and oddly contrasting dreary waste, a picture of a docile, loyal, hard-working German colony totalling perhaps 40,000, which has been expanding and maturing ever since Blumen, a Bavarian immigrant, helped to establish Santiago four hundred years ago. The menace, if any, would come from the 20,000 odd non-Jewish immigrants born in the Reich. But they are scattered; they are not entirely united: and Chile has got under Rios, just elected President for a six year term, a firm, capable administration. He will have no truck with the Axis, and I imagine that before this appears in print the Republic will have severed relations with Germany, Italy and Japan. This is in accordance with what one might

Buenos Aires

expect. Herring makes it plain that when all is said and done, Chile must stand or fall with the Argentine and Brazil. She needs the United States for help against any aggression. In turn, if Panama were blocked, the Straits of Magellan would become a new life-line to the States.

If I dispose of the other eighteen Republics in a paragraph or two, that is due entirely to exigencies of space. The book takes them all in. Did you know that Britain is Uruguay's best market? That she has universal suffrage? Did you know that Asuncion, capital of land-locked Paraguay, is a two and a half day river journey from the coast? That in Peru, ancient land of the Incas, the Indian is still in effect bought and sold with each transfer of title to the big estates? That it is the droppings of millions of birds which make it so rich in guano, bringing more wealth to Peru than the Incas got from gold and silver? Did you know that, thanks to oil, Venezuela's Government is the most prosperous of all on the South American Continent? That Mexico is one-fourth the area of the United States, and that, in spite of her reputation as a dictator country, she has a democracy of her own design which makes and breaks Governments as it pleases?

For the rest, Mr. Herring develops the new doctrine of the 'Good Neighbour', indicating on what sort of basis North and South America might play together. In the light of events which have since occurred, this book might indeed have well served as the programme of the Rio Conference. The difference is that emergency drove the twenty-one Republics of the South and their big brother of the North together. If 'Good Neighbours' tells anything at all it tells us quite plainly that for an enduring association, policy will have to be more carefully planned, and in greater detail. That goes for the future of the relations between South America and Great Britain, too. Great Britain must prepare right away to cash in upon the high reputation she has gained among her friends. It has always been a mark in Britain's favour that her migrants to South America have gone with their money, machinery, and chattels, right down to the family kettle, whereas those from the Northern neighbour have gone with a travelling bag.

The most important fact at the moment is, however, this emphatic demonstration of goodwill, even though it may be born of a common danger. A multitude of problems remain, and this book avoids not one of them—economic, ideological, religious and the rest. Perhaps one of its most important pointers is to the fact that in Latin America there is a great deal more capacity and desire to solve them than most people have hitherto recognised.

Our Lady of Carmel at Recife

Skyscraper in Rio de Janeiro

Uncle Tom's Cabin
and the
Crusader in Crinoline
who wrote it

reviewed by PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

Is *Uncle Tom's Cabin* a child's book? Such is, I believe, the general impression. Certainly my own copy bears ample signs of the condescending approach that publishers so often make to juvenile readers: a slovenly production, printed from outworn stereotype and accompanied by illustrations that must have been conceived and executed during a fit of delirium tremens. But it lacks the only available evidence that the author herself may have regarded her book as a child's book. For according to Forrest Wilson's recent full length biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe,[1] she ended the tale with an abrupt and startling 'Farewell, dear children, till we meet again.' That is not the speech with which the curtain is rung down in my copy of the tragedy.

'Had she actually, all the time, been in her own mind writing for children this violent and tragic tale, spattered with murder, lust, illicit love, suicide, sadistic torture, profanity, drunkenness, bar-room brawls, and other things her world considered unfit for young ears to hear?' Forrest Wilson asks, and is convinced that she had. I find this impossible to believe. Not that there is any difficulty in understanding why children should enjoy the book. The same emotional suspense with which each change of slave ownership is charged in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is encountered each time a horse changes hands in Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty*. As for the unpleasantnesses that Forrest Wilson enumerates, it is a notorious fact that a child can eat dirt and find it tasteless. Nevertheless it is a staggering thought that conventional and pious nineteenth-century parents positively thrust this book into their children's hands. There must have been innumerable bowdlerised editions.

In the beginning, however, the urgent question was not how attractive the book might be to children, but how powerful might be its sway upon adults. Would it so work upon the human conscience as to bring about the manumission of slaves? For the author was not making a frontal attack on the Southern slave owners; she was trying desperately to be fair to them. She was not advocating the compulsory liberation of the slaves; she was meekly soliciting the co-operation of the slave owners. 'I shall show the *best side* of the thing,' she wrote, 'and something *fairly approaching the worst*.' She imagined she was making a conciliatory gesture. In effect, she was dropping a delayed action bomb.

Who was this diminutive, self-effacing woman of forty who, at the turn of the half-century, suddenly confronted an astonished world as a crusader in crinoline? When, in the early blaze of publicity, she was asked for biographical details, this is what she replied: 'The most I can think of is that I was born in Litchfield, Conn., and was a teacher from my fifteenth year till my marriage, that I have been mother to seven children, six of whom are now living, and that the greater portion of my time and strength has been spent in the neeessary but unpoetic duties of the family. These details you can throw into two or three lines—as great a space as I should have any claim to occupy in such a company.' 'In few famous women,' says Forrest Wilson, 'has the sense of inferiority been less complex.'

[1] *Crusader in Crinoline*, Hutchinson, 18s.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Perhaps we should note, however, that Mrs. Browning was tempted to wonder if Harriet's mouth was quite frank.

Most of her life, and all her early life, was passed in a maze of family relationships. She was the seventh of a brood of nine, and her father, Lyman Beecher, marrying again, endowed her also with two half-brothers and a half-sister. A remarkable family, and most of its members preachers. Lyman Beecher was a sturdy, yet mercurial, New England Puritan with a fierce zest for life, pursuing with equal enthusiasm a sinner or a cottontail rabbit, and at eighty leaping a fence to prove to his tall sons that there was still life in the old dog; at the same time subject to such extremes of emotional disturbance that the family found a pet name for hypochondria, calling it 'the hypo'. Perhaps the most attractive aspect of Lyman Beecher's Puritanism was to be found in its occasional lapse from consistency, an example of which was his behaviour when, despite his stern embargo on ungodly fiction, a copy of *Ivanhoe* was found in the house. What he did was first to read the book, then to remove the ban—from Scott, at any rate. An important inconsistency this, for Harriet. In many respects Lyman presents a figure more exciting than his daughter's, and I leave him with reluctance.

For several years Harriet remained little noticed in the background, where her mother too had dwelt. She drifted into a morbidly introspective adolescence—spent for the most part with her eldest sister Catherine, who had turned schoolmistress—and seemed likely to drift alike into confirmed spinsterhood and pedagogy, when a widower, nine years her senior, stepped in to save her from both. She was then twenty-five, a great age in those days for an American spinster. Indeed, the success of her marriage has been challenged, though not by her latest biographers, and her subsequent literary career attributed to 'love frustration'.

Calvin Ellis Stowe, Hebrew scholar, mediumistic, and victim of 'the hypo', receives scant courtesy from Forrest Wilson, who regards him as 'a tough morsel for our cultivated taste in heroes'; accuses him of life-long gluttony, calls him 'fat and palpitating' and 'round and comical' and, rather unfairly, as if the poor man could have helped it, 'a celebrity's husband'. On the credit side is the fact that he was a pyrotechnist in the pulpit and a raconteur in the parlour, as well as a wisecracker who provided Topsy with her immortal 'Spect I growed'. 'My Rabbi', Harriet called him, and her affection appears to have survived his grossest descents into the fleshpots.

During the first fifteen years of her marriage Harriet enjoyed meagre facilities for uninterrupted literary labour. In a letter to her husband from Brattleboro, where she was undergoing the water cure, she communicates her craving for a room of her own. 'There is one thing I must suggest. If I am to write, I must have a room to myself, which shall be *my* room. I have in my own mind pitched on Mrs. Whipple's room. I can put a stove in it. I have bought a cheap carpet for it, and I have furniture enough at home to furnish it comfortably, and I only beg in addition that you will let me change the glass door from the nursery into that room and keep my plants there, and then I shall be quite happy.' Calvin was entirely amenable. 'God has written it in His book that you must be a literary woman,' he replied, 'and who are we that we should contend against God? You must therefore make all your calculations to spend the rest of your life with your pen.' And Harriet, returning from her 'cure', proceeded to have another baby.

It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that freed her from the more tiresome domestic entanglements, though its success did but fetter her to another taskmaster, for, once having earned big money,

she had to work perpetually—'like a dray horse', says Forrest Wilson—to keep it big. And *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not immediately produce riches. As a serial its reward was ridiculous, and on the eve of its triumphant advent in two volumes, carrying a ten per cent royalty, the most for which Harriet could hope, with any confidence, was that it would make enough to enable her to buy a silk dress, a possession hitherto as elusive as a room to herself.

Paramount among the various factors that combined to lead Harriet, as novelist-preacher, into so controversial a field as the Slavery question was the influence of her favourite brother—Henry Ward Beecher, Abolitionist Adonis of the American Pulpit, a preacher more pyrotechnic even than Calvin Stowe and emphatically more liberally remunerated. Once *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had exploded into print, this brother and sister made a formidable pair on the political scene. Yet the book, like so many serialised stories of the time, developed somewhat inconsequently. Its growth was uncommonly like Topsy's. The author's belief in Abolition developed with the story, rather than inspired it, and may be said to have acquired strength in the same ratio that the book provoked hostility. Of deliberate planning there had been none. 'I did not write the book,' Harriet declared. 'It all came before me in visions, one after another, and I put them down in words.'

The commercial success was stupendous. The book was a best-seller in America and a pirated best-seller over here. Its world sale during the first year was estimated at two and a-half million copies, and one English publisher, less tough than his fellow pirates, sent Harriet £500 conscience money. Everybody read it. Our own Palmerston, who had not looked at a novel for thirty years, according to Forrest Wilson, read it three times. And when the author came to England our reception was so demonstrative, our pulse so feverish, our hatred of slavery—however sinister might be some of our own industrial conditions—so uncompromisingly John Bullish, that in the eyes of many Americans we were merely indulging in 'an orgie of national self-righteousness and a pharisaical debauch with few, if any, parallels in the history of nations.' But Harriet, sallying forth to her lionising from a charming retreat in sylvan Walworth, was willing to accept our welcome as if we meant it. At times she may have found our enthusiasm overwhelming, but she never found it nauseating. Her only reservation was that the object of this mass hysteria—if that, indeed, is all it amounted to—'could be seen by the eye of sober sense to be altogether inadequate and disproportioned to it.' She was so very *petite*. 'When I put my hand into his great prairie of a palm,' she said, recalling a meeting with one of the Duke of Argyll's burly farmers, 'I was as a grasshopper in my own eyes.' In public, of course, she was seen but not heard, as befitted a respectable matron of 1853. What speeches had to be made, the celebrity's husband made.

Harriet came three times to Europe. During the second visit, in 1856, she was admitted to the friendship of Lady Byron, a doubtful privilege as it was later shown to be. During the third, John Brown was hanged at Charlestown. Close upon her return to America came the inauguration of Lincoln's presidency and, for all who had eyes to see, war clouds were already staining the horizon. A Beecher war.

'I hold,' thundered Henry from his Brooklyn pulpit, 'that it is ten thousand times better to have war than to have slavery.'

'So this is the little lady who made this big war,' said Lincoln to Harriet.

Meanwhile, what had happened in England? Alas, perfidious Albion! It was as if Harriet had never visited us. We had acclaimed her and now we had deserted her. Our sympathies had slumped to the warm South. Even the saintly Shaftesbury was tainted with apostasy. A blow straight to her heart; no less, it may be assumed, to her pride. '*O England, England!*' she cried. '*What, could ye not watch with us one hour?*' 'Surely not in the best of taste,' many an Englishman and Englishwoman must have murmured, and pursed their lips and felt disillusioned; for this strident—and, yes, blasphemous—American had appeared so nice, so meek, so ladylike, so essentially womanly. Henry was sent over to reconvert us.

Came Gettysburg, and peace. Harriet continued to write books and sell them in gratifying numbers. She burnt her fingers severely, however, at the shrine of Lady Byron when, in the *Atlantic*, she essayed a vindication of that lady and, to do so the more effectively, repeated a 'revolting and obscene accusation' which, said her enemies, had been made to her in confidence. Not that Harriet was convinced of this alleged impropriety. Did she not, on a memorable occasion, when overcome by claret cup, exclaim 'I won't be any properer than I have a mind to be'? Nevertheless, her reputation was irretrievably soiled. Harriet's mind, too, became obscured.

'My mental condition might be called nomadic,' she wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, in

an interval of clarity and in one of her last letters. 'My brain is tired out. It was a woman's brain and not a man's, and finally from sheer fatigue and exhaustion in the march and strife of life it gave out before the end was reached.' That was in 1893 and Harriet was eighty-two. She lingered on until 1896.

A full life it had been, yet for us in England it might have begun and ended with *Uncle Tom*. The book is still an exciting one, but it is hard to realise the pitch of frenzy to which it kindled its earliest readers. No work was ever fashioned in an intenser heat. Maybe we are misled occasionally by its disarming ingenuousness, its lively humour, its camp meeting ecstasy. Probably we find Little Eva insipid and her deathbed maudlin, though Harriet was so overwhelmed by the ordeal of removing that angel child to a better world that she had to take to her bed for two days. Eva is, of course, too good to be true—in the mid-twentieth century; but I am willing to believe that she did once exist. In any event, is there not Topsy as the foil? Is not *I's so wicked* the perfect antidote for *These things sink into my heart?*

In scope and texture Harriet's parade of characters is brilliant—the variegated slave owners, brutal dealers and overseers, delightful niggers. With what deftly mordant touches she adorns villainy. Tom Loker is 'a bulldog come to man's estate'. Marks is a *mousing* man, whose hand resembles a raven's claw. Simon Legree, whose very whiskers curl with passion, is so complete a scoundrel that, unlike Bill Sikes, he cannot command even the esteem of his dogs.

If it be objected that the book is too 'Methody' for the modern taste, it should be remembered that Harriet, especially when she gave rein to her sense of humour, must have affronted some of the sobersides of her own day. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy were always clashing in the Beecher family. Poor Aunt Chloe, when told that the same God would be available on the hellish plantation, 'down river,' to which Uncle Tom has been exiled, replies: 'Well, s'pose dere will; but de Lord lets dreffful things happen sometimes. I don't seem to get no comfort dat way.'

Uncle Tom, of course, has no such doubts, nor is humour his strong suit. 'All the moral and Christian virtues, bound in black morocco'—that is Tom. 'A regular hearse for blackness and sobriety.' Do some readers find him a bore? I do not. Who are we, to smile at his perpetual piety? His goodness may be ineffable, but it is never smug. *With streaming eyes and choking voice, the black man looked up to heaven* is an epitaph that I find starkly appropriate to the grandeur of martyrdom that it records. The crusader in crinoline knew a good man when she saw him, even if his hair were woolly. There was for her no colour line in virtue.

SHORTER NOTICES

CHANGE No. 3

An Inquiry into British War Production. Part I: *People in Production*. 10s. *Advertising Service Guild.*

Here is a detailed document which it would be dangerous to ignore. It will introduce Mass-Observation to a still wider audience, enhance the reputation of Tom Harrisson, and force catalytic conclusions down official throats. The book is a study of the human, not the technical, side of war production, and its main conclusion is that quality of work is now more important than mere additions to the quantity of man-power. We are nearly at saturation point in numbers and it becomes increasingly important to explore and satisfy the human needs of industry, if production output is to increase.

Tom Harrisson observes the entry of women into industry, documents their special needs and grievances (part-time work, day nurseries, shopping facilities, transport), and recognises the civilising influence which women may have on the working conditions of industry, both in the present and in the future.

Of course, what people *say* about production inefficiencies, absenteeism, bureaucratic delays and managerial inaptitudes, often bears little relationship to the facts. Nevertheless, *saying* and *believing*—the intangible facts of public opinion—affect well-being and output just as much as the more obvious physical facts of design, change or shortage of material. The importance of attending to criticisms and providing explanations cannot be over-emphasised.

The report describes the conflict of uncoordinated appeals and ineffective publicity, points to a serious pessimism in the post-war economic outlook of men and women workers—to many of whom victory means slump—and condemns the lack of a civilian morale policy which would inform, direct, and energise 'people in production'.

MARY ADAMS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW 1855-1868
By Merle Mowbray Bevington. *Columbia University Press, Humphrey Milford.* 23s. 6d.

This volume, No. 154 in the Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature, presents a fascinating reflection of educated opinion in mid-Victorian England. In his search for a satisfying cultural background, Mr. Bevington went unhesitatingly and unerringly to the *Saturday Review* in its earliest and most splendid period. 'Profoundly English' he calls the reviewers, and 'men of a noble breed', for all their insularity and class limitations. A Saturday Reviewer who had not a first-class honours degree from Oxford or Cambridge was almost a rarity. But, except to the initiate, they were invariably anonymous. Anonymity was regarded as a matter of principle—contributing to a sense of general unity—and the principle was carried so far that even the very remarkable first editor, John Douglas Cook, was permitted to depart from this life without the solace of an obituary notice. Not until 1894, when Frank Harris became proprietor, was the tradition broken, and 'G. B. S.' was the first contributor to break it. There is in the journalism of today nothing that resembles the polished, but trenchant, week-to-week criticism of this mid-Victorian commentary. It might be said there is little to evoke it. Times have indeed changed. The Saturday Reviewers were robustly masculine. They believed in keeping women firmly in their place. They applied the cold douche of judicial criticism to an age they deemed 'too generous in its enthusiasms and sympathy'. Social Science was to them merely science falsely so called. Opposed to government by numbers, they held that 'in every age and in every people the offspring of Democracy is Tyranny'. They distrusted emotionalism and exposed humbug wherever it became manifest; with equal vehemence (and no matter how strongly their own opinions might be expressed), they damned intolerance. They had no respect for persons, especially if they were popular. Dickens had a 'feminine, irritable, noisy mind'. His *Little Dorrit* was unreadable and his *Tale of Two Cities* was 'puppy pie and stewed cat'. The 'Reviler', indeed, was one of the *Saturday Review's* several sobriquets, and when Cook dined his staff at the Crystal Palace, Dean Merivale reflected that sixty Saturday Reviewers in a glass house presented a truly edifying spectacle. One of the most noteworthy reviews was that in which John Morley (anonymously) damned Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, declaring that this book 'revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière'. Among the terms invented by the *Saturday Review* was 'muscular Christianity'. Here was a conspicuous example of a journal written by scholars for gentlemen, and it deserved a better fate than to die, after many vicissitudes, at the hands of the notorious Lady Houston. Its last issue, printed on 16 July 1938, was No. 4,319.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

'The Reading Room'. Engraving by Stanley Anderson

WAR IN THE MIND
The Case Book of a Medical Psychologist. By Charles Berg, M.D. *Macaulay Press.* 8s. 6d.

Dr. Berg has collected twenty-six of his most interesting cases in this enlightening book. Their cumulative effect is rather depressing, and one is apt to go complex or phobia hunting immediately upon finishing it; in one case the doctor complains that the patient was 'distressingly normal,' but his observations are shrewd and he must have mended many a shattered subconscious.

RETROSPECTION
By Lord Newton. *Murray.* 15s.

Lord Newton has served his country in many different capacities and has travelled widely. He is the author of two learned biographies and has a life-long connection with foreign affairs and the House of Lords. Though his memoirs end at 1919 and do not contain anything startling, they reveal a shrewd, humanitarian and broad-minded man. Some may cavil at his mixture of contemporary comment and old diaries, but this seems to be a sensible method to connect past and present. His recollections of kings and prime ministers, of Oriental potentates and diplomats are vivid, unbiased and plausible.

PAUL TABORI

'Demonstration': Ink Drawing by Alva

ALVA, PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

Introduction by Maurice Collis. *John Lane, The Bodley Head.* 42s.

It is not often, in wartime, that publishers have the courage—or the paper—to bring out elaborate illustrated monographs on the work of modern artists. Mr. Collis's study of Alva's paintings and drawings is a very handsome volume indeed and one suspects that it must have been put in hand in easier days, with its three plates in full colour, its two dozen collotypes and its line-blocks. It is inevitable, if a little ungracious, that one should feel impelled to ask if the subject-matter of the volume is really worth so much magnificence.

Mr. Collis, in his introduction, might have given the public a little more information. We are not told the real (or full) name of the artist and are merely informed that he was 'born forty years ago as the only child of Galician parents' and 'given a strictly Jewish education'. The rest of the text is a somewhat high-falutin disquisition on 'living perspective' and calligraphic line. Mr. Collis, with his knowledge of the East, has certainly seized upon the undoubted analogy between Alva's methods and those of Chinese painters. His technique is essentially allusive and calligraphic and the result is sometimes extremely attractive. His first picture 'Springtime in Paris' is full of a genuine lyricism; his 'Avenue des Champs Elysées' has considerable decorative charm, even if his memory (Alva, apparently, always paints from memory) has somewhat distorted the shape of the Arc-de-Triomphe; his 'Coronation' is (as Mr. Collis claims) both gay and whimsical. But was it really necessary to drag in Hegel, and the Tao, and 'that sense of the infinitudes, which must be the aim of painting if it is to retain its great position as the sister of metaphysics and religion'? Alva's work is interesting but it brings no new and startling revelation.

JAMES LAVER

ACTION

By Lionel Curtis. *Oxford University Press.* 9d.

This pamphlet is a statement of the case for a closer union of the nations of the British Commonwealth and the establishment of a Union Government charged only with matters of foreign policy and defence, *with* the object of making the Empire militarily impregnable.

While the establishment of any 'Super National' authority on a democratic basis is to be welcomed as a step towards the ultimate goal of a World Parliament, the adoption of the author's proposals might readily lead to just another game of 'Balance of Power' played by fewer and bigger units.

The whole case is based on the theory that the way to achieve world peace is to establish a union of powers so well armed that aggression by other powers would be a hopeless proposition. This is not democracy; it is military dictatorship by one union over the rest of the world, which is precisely what we are at present fighting against.

Few people will deny that it will be necessary for the Allies to retain powerful armaments during the period of post-war world reconstruction, but even the Atlantic Charter in Clause VIII envisages the eventual abandonment of the use of force; and any proposal to base a new world on armed security must be resisted to the utmost.

A. M. LACEY

THE WOUND AND THE BOW

By Edmund Wilson. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

Literary criticism-cum-psychoanalysis, in which the American author of *Axel's Castle* devotes particular attention to Dickens and Kipling, convincingly solves the old problem of *Edwin Drood* and almost succeeds in making *Finnegan's Wake* intelligible to the common man.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

WORD FROM WALES

By Wyn Griffith. *George Allen & Unwin Ltd.* 2s.

A clear and balanced analysis by a member of the P.E.N. Club of some characteristics of the Welsh people—their passion for education in their own language during the eighteenth century, when men working for eightpence a day would hire substitutes while they spent a few days at the Circulating Schools; their preoccupation with the Bible (the school reading-book) and religion; the interest taken by ordinary people in things of the mind; the intricate prosody of their alliterative verse, 'preserved in its strictness for over five hundred years'; together with a plea for better understanding between English and Welsh writers. OLIVE JONES

B.B.C.

By Paul Bloomfield. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9s.

Mr. Bloomfield's two years of experience with the B.B.C., chiefly in the Talks Department, are ostensibly the subject matter of his book. But culture is the bee in his bonnet, and the temptation to digress overcomes him on every other page. So we have Mr. Bloomfield's reflections on art, poetry, philosophy, sociology, and a dozen other alluring bypaths for an explorative mind, interspersing Mr. Bloomfield's account of life inside the B.B.C. What he does tell of the strange and wonderful way in which the administrative business of broadcasting is conducted, of the personalities encountered, of the inter-relation of employees, is gently entertaining and unfailingly good-natured. JUNE HEAD

SPRING SYMPHONY

By Eleanor Painter. *Harrap.* 9s.

The story of Clara and Robert Schumann. As a novel, *Spring Symphony* is disappointing. The author relies over-much on direct narration. Though there is imaginative insight in plenty, this is rarely crystalised in dramatically conceived action or psychological development. It is, however, a competently told story of a romantic and unhappy love which is noteworthy for its regard for facts, the well-realised period atmosphere, and the author's obvious love of her subject. Robert Schumann's later mental derangement is hardly touched upon and therefore the picture that emerges is scarcely of the whole man. Clara, however, is well drawn. This is a book that will appeal to those who like their music sweet. And it is none the less charming for that.

LIGHTS OF FREEDOM

Edited by Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

This short book manages to present an astonishingly complete picture of the second year of the war in terms of the personal experiences of the men and women who waged it. The work of the R.A.F. receives most attention, not unnaturally, but perhaps the most interesting chapters are those by Dr. Harry Winter of the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital and 'I am Still Frightened of Keys' by Genevieve de La Salle who suffered imprisonment as a 'dangerous alien'. The whole book reflects that terseness and aliveness for which *Life* is deservedly famous. The photographs by *Life* cameramen are excellent.

J. H. EASTWOOD

FEDERALISM AND FREEDOM

By Sir George Young, Bart. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Some form of Federation is the most commonly accepted formula for remoulding post-war Europe.

In this book, the author, a political scientist, analyses the theory of Federation and finds it to be sound. He then proceeds to expound in detail convincing and well-reasoned political and economic proposals for the reconstruction of Europe.

He suggests a 'Union of Free Federated Europe' to be composed of States having populations between five and ten millions. Those nations having more than ten million inhabitants must federalise themselves into a Federation of States of the required size.

What great possibilities for improved administration lie in such a decentralisation of Government in Great Britain! A. M. LACEY

TWO SURVIVED

The story of Tapscott and Widdicombe as narrated to Guy Pearce Jones. With an introduction by William McFee. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

This stark, restrained narrative will surely rank as one of the classics of the sea. The two young seamen who survived seventy days in an open boat while their companions died, went mad or committed suicide, have given a most effective answer to the propaganda stories about British decadence. It is a horrible story, yet if the hackneyed adjective of 'uplifting' can ever be used, it certainly is fully justified about this book. There are seven well-reproduced photographs and a sympathetic introduction by Mr. McFee.

PAUL TABORI

WINGS

An Anthology of Flight. Edited by H. G. Bryden
Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.

This was a surprise, and a pleasant one. One is apt to forget nowadays that flight and war are not synonymous. Mr. Bryden is to be congratulated on the magnificence of his selection, ranging from Ezekiel to Albert Smith, from Leonardo da Vinci to the *Morning Post*. *Peter Wilkins* and his beautiful winged companion were the only omissions I could discover. Early balloon ascents make as exciting reading as accounts of the first non-stop Atlantic Flight, or flying over Everest. The book is a rich harvest to suit all tastes.

Crown Copyright—Photo. Science Museum

Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Sheldon ascend from Chelsea, 1784

THE BIRTH OF FLIGHT

An Anthology by Hartley Kemball Cook.
George Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Cook covers much the same ground but in less detail. He includes a chapter on 'Early Women Aeronauts'—and intrepid balloonists and parachutists some of them were. The book is excellently illustrated with reproductions of old prints lent by the Science Museum.

WINGED SQUADRONS

By Cecil Beaton. *Hutchinson.* 5s.

'Sixty seven Magnificent Photographs', says the dust-cover, and it is no exaggeration. As official photographer for the Ministry of Information Mr. Beaton has been at close quarters with all sections of the R.A.F. 'I find it hard', he says, 'to use words simple enough to describe so great a subject.' The result is none the less a very sincere and impressive account of the men of the R.A.F. and their work.

WARSHIPS AND AIRCRAFT OF JAPAN

Hutchinson. 1s. 3d.

A representative collection of 64 photographs, some of which suffer a little in reproduction. Few details of the aircraft have been made public.

OLIVE JONES

AMERICAN AIR POWER, AMERICAN SEA POWER, AMERICA ARMS

The 'March of Time' Series. *John Murray and the Pilot Press.* 1s. each.

Each of these booklets is based on a 'March of Time' documentary. They are wartime 'quickies' and, under the 'March of Time' imprint, will doubtless catch pennies effectively enough. They lack, however, the vitality, and despite their brevity, the terseness which make the films so arresting.

VICTORY FROM THE AIR

By Auspex. *Bles.* 10s. 6d.

This extremely well-written book by an anonymous expert on air warfare presents the facts and conclusions with a nice sense of balance and proportion. He maintains that the Navy and Air Force should take first place before a small, but highly mechanised army. His analysis of the 'Battle of Britain', of the controversy between the independent air arm and air-sea-land co-operation and of the future tasks is shrewd and practical.

THE ANSWER IS?

By Prof. E. N. da C. Andrade and Mona Andrade.
Bell. 3s. 6d.

'What is a runcible spoon?'—'What is the difference between a ghetto and a gecko?'—'Who used to practise "elegant economy?"'—these and 497 other pleasant conundrums make the little book of Prof. and Mrs. Andrade both enjoyable and instructive—especially if you can resist looking at the answers obligingly given at the end of the volume.

PAUL TABOR

THE ETERNAL GER-MANIAC

By Rolf Tell. *George Allen & Unwin Ltd.* 8s. 6d.

Rolf Tell has already given us an interesting and useful little book—*Sound and Fuehrer*—wherein he made the prominent Nazis condemn and ridicule themselves, simply by quoting them exactly. This new, more ambitious book is built up on similar lines, not confining his learned, surprising, or illuminating quotations to Nazi sources, but digging up a wealth of proof not merely that Adolf Hitler is, and always was, a case for the psychiatrist, but that precisely the same particular neurosis impels the Germans to follow his leadership.

There is a school that accepts environment (including soil, climate and nutrition) as an essential cause of certain mental diseases. Rolf Tell brings forth convincing arguments for that thesis, applied to Hitler and his people, and thus justifies his pun about Germania—Ger-Mania. Indeed, when we see Alfred Rosenberg boast of his galimatias as 'a new political philosophy', or Goebbels of the 'leading role which Nazism plays in the whole world in respect of science and the arts', or when we find that a great scientific light, Professor Gustav Roethe, wrote in 1914: 'With pride we see how our soldiers respect the sacred defencelessness of woman and child'—well, there simply must be something wrong with all their minds. There is, of course, just a soupçon that some of the most insane allegations made by Nazi high-ups were made with the tongue in the cheek—as when Hermann Goering speaks of Hitler as Germany's greatest artist. Two of the 'master's' paintings reproduced in the book are impressive in their childishness. The way in which Hitler speaks of God (a somewhat clumsy copy of the Hebrew Chosen People theory), or in which he prescribes to the nation which had brought forth Goethe, Beethoven, Duerer and Kant, what her 'Kultur' has to be, gives strong backing to Rolf Tell's thesis, as applied to the deified Fuehrer.

As to the Germans as such, it must be confessed that the material accumulated in support of the theory of a widespread mental disease is so plentiful as to be nearly convincing. Even if it helps to explain events and acts otherwise inexplicable, it can still hardly excuse gruesome misdeeds. Let us hope that there will be enough sane Germans left after this Armageddon to help us in wiping out once and for all, by a mental training that will have to begin in the infant-school, this 'Ger-Mania'. E. STERN-RUBARTH

BEWARE BUREAUCRACY!

By Lord Perry. *Individualist Bookshop.* 6d.

In his interesting pamphlet Lord Perry gives an absorbing account of the rise of bureaucracy to its present power. He insists that if we do not take matters in hand very soon after Hitler has been beaten 'we shall invite the doom of material decay . . . and social slavery.' The bureaucrat seeks power but avoids responsibility, and the recent form of legislation tends more and more towards giving arbitrary power into the hands of civil servants without even the possibility of appealing to court or parliament against their decisions. Full of idiosyncracies, this little book none the less gives ample food for thought to everyone concerned with the growing problem: Individual versus State. GEORGE TARJAN

GREECE AGAINST THE AXIS

By Stanley Casson. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.

A veteran friend of Greece describes in a crisp and unbiased manner the heroic fight and downfall of Hellas. His pictures of war are sharp and concise, and if he is apt to gloss over some of the sordid details, he succeeds in giving an account which is both logical and creditable. Maps and illustrations. PAUL TABORI

NEW BOOKS

Belgium Unvanquished
by R. MOTZ
No. 5 in Europe Under the Nazis series
Probably containing more information than any previous volume in the series; this is an encouraging account of Belgian resistance both in Belgium and overseas.
Many striking illustration. 6s.

The Tatra Mountains
by V. A. FIRSOFF
A vivid and comprehensive account of the little-known mountainous district between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia—its scenery, folk-lore, history, natural features, etc.
60 magnificent illustrations. 10s. 6d.

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1024 pages. 50 maps. 12s. 6d.
Summer list sent free on application.

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6/7 Buckingham St. London, W.C.2

THE YELLOW NAZIS

By Stanton Hope. *Allen*. 6d.

A comprehensive survey of the economic, political and social life of Japan, with facts and figures. The British and American have remained blind to the true Japanese character; consequently much mischief has been done ignorantly and deliberately. The Germans, more astute, made an ally of them. A useful booklet told with zest and understanding.

JOHN WESLEY

'I wonder if we couldn't convert some of the boys to Henry James'

THE NEW YORKER

NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM

By Leland Stowe. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Stowe has spent the first seventeen months of the war on various fronts as correspondent of Colonel Knox's vigorous Chicago paper. His book is a sad warning to writers who try to combine description of actual events with political analysis and even the most cautious of forecasts —for this attempt has made at least two-thirds of *No Other Road to Freedom* sadly out of date by the time it was published. It is rather like flogging a dead horse to denounce in 1942 the French and British Governments for their appeasement policy or the tragic inactivity of the 'Sitzkrieg'. To tell a great many home-truths to Messrs. Kennedy and Lindbergh might have been useful before the 7th December 1941—but now that America is heart and soul in the war, it makes indifferent reading. Yet Mr. Stowe, like many of his colleagues, proves in this book that he is far more than a reporter and that he can well aspire to be a creative writer. His descriptions of the Russo-Finnish war and especially the Greek campaign in Albania; the fine tribute he pays to Ralph Barnes, killed after a bombing raid in the Græco-Italian War, the chapters on Rumania and Norway make this self-evident. Freed of out-of-date ballast, the book could stand alone and would have far greater effect.

THE PASSIONATE WITCH

By Thorne Smith, completed by Norman Matson. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. T. Wallace Wooly, Jr., a sedate widower, nourished on vitamins and vegetable juices, somehow marries an eccentric young woman who turns out to be a witch and is, not unnaturally, himself bewitched in the process. The curse is that he becomes aware of what goes on in other people's heads—to his own intense discomfort. Typically American and in the best *Esquire* tradition, he seeks relief in the bottle. This is a witty and alcoholic novel, though hardly perhaps up to the truly inebriated standard of the late lamented author's works written by himself alone. The drawings by Herbert Roese are naughty and delightful.

SHELTER

By Jane Nicholson. *Harrap*. 7s. 6d.

A disappointing and inconclusive novel. A success in America, it seems difficult to understand why the Censor bothered to cut pieces out of it. The figures are uninteresting and the importance of their actions and feelings vastly over-rated. The West End Newsreel has been done so much better under a different name in the novels of Dos Passos. As for the Blitz scenes, they are competently done but we have read much better reconstructions of those hectic summer and autumn months.

MEASURE FOR MURDER

By Clifford Witting. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 8s. 3d.

Mr. Witting is an old hand at concocting a witty and original criminal puzzle and his new book is no exception. His Amateur Dramatic Society of Lulverton is very much alive and the players well selected. We begin with the discovery of a murder but are not shown the victim's face. Then the situation and the characters are presented until at the end of the first part we discover the identity of the murdered man. After that Inspector Charlton, an old favourite of the author, appears on the scene and tracks down the killer. The story is so convincing and real that the solution of the puzzle with the Fifth Column motive is a little disconcerting—but this is a smooth and closely-knit tale of detection.

PAUL TABORI

PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS
By Doris N. Dalgaish. *Oxford University Press.* 3s. 6d.

A group of biographical sketches, the subject of one of which, Thomas Wilkinson, was a neighbour of Wordsworth, who summed him up as 'a Quaker by religious profession, by natural constitution of mind—or shall I venture to say, by God's grace?—something better.' By a lengthy introduction, however, Miss Dalgaish enlarges the scope of her book to include an expository of Quakerism, as seen through the eyes of a convert; the 'small mystical community' which scorns to advance in mystical experience 'by sitting in correct postures and, above all, breathing deeply.' Though she finds the Society of Friends 'a positively romantic phenomenon in English religious history', when she herself became one of them she discovered many of her co-religionists 'gazing rather wistfully from their spiritual home towards those very hobgoblins' which she was so happy to have escaped. To the ardour of the convert, indeed, is added a distinct note of asperity, and she confesses to exasperation at the sight of fellow Quakers who are 'so far from hesitating to condemn Modernism and Liberal Protestantism that they are in great danger of betraying the citadel to mere humanism.' Although there are not, relatively speaking, a great number of Quakers, it would appear that even a convert may consider there are too many. In the British Empire and Europe there are some 20,000; and in the United States about 110,000, of whom 'the majority have abandoned the essentials of Quakerism for a pale reflection of Protestant Nonconformity.' The trouble seems to lie with the 'birthright membership', from which the Quaker ranks are swollen with nominal adherents 'who make no pretence of upholding the principles for which their ancestors suffered', and who therefore confront a crisis, such as the outbreak of war, with inertia. Their existence, Miss Dalgaish asserts, is 'always a blur of otiose sentimentality and indifference across the map of Quaker progress.' P. MACER-WRIGHT

THE STORY OF BLOSSOM, THE BRAVE BALLOON
Text by E. F. Herbert; pictures by Philip Zec. *Muller.* 2s. 6d.

One would never think that a barrage balloon might make an amusing central figure in a children's picture book; but Blossom does. The story is told well, without unnecessary whimsicality and the drawings are simple and charming.
PAUL TABORI

THEY DIE WITH THEIR BOOTS CLEAN
By Gerald Kersh. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

This is an account of the training of a Coldstream Guardsman. Those in search of a realistic document about the life of the modern British soldier, however, will not find it here—perhaps they must wait till after the war for that. The sentimentality is often sticky enough to rival Hollywood at its worst. All sergeants are, of course, dears, despite their terrifying bark; all the men who shared their training with Mr. Kersh exemplify all the virtues, soldierly and otherwise. Even the old sweats betray qualities few would have expected. The book is cleverly written and will appeal to those who take their soldiering with a lump in the throat, but the author of *Night and the City*, that tough, no humbug novel of the pimps, tarts, and confidence men of Soho, can do better than this. J. H. EASTWOOD

INDIA OUR ALLY?
By D. N. Pritt. *Frederick Muller Ltd.* 1s.

An outspoken plea for better understanding of the Indian problem, with a preface written after publication of the British Government's proposals on March 29th.

From the Land of Silent People

ROBERT ST JOHN'S

brilliant and terrible narrative of his experiences in Yugoslavia, Greece, and Crete, from 'Bloody Sunday' in Belgrade to the British evacuation. The first story of the overpowering Nazi onrush against a courageous little people. 8/6 *net*

The Government of Vichy

LT.-COL. PIERRE TISSIER

A former French high official, and Principal Private Secretary to Laval during his Premiership, examines the work of Vichy, discusses the economic, financial, and social problems, and shows the inevitable results of Vichy policy. 15/– *net*

HARRAP BOOKS

WITHOUT MALICE

CHEERS

To Stafford Cripps, who is still waging a continuous fight for war efficiency and social progress.

To Lord Winterton, who has had the courage to attack in the House of Commons Mr. Churchill's undue interference with the Chiefs of Staff.

JEERS

To the politician who, speaking in support of Alderman Harbord, demanded votes for 'my old shipmate Admiral Starboard'.

To the *Daily Mirror*, which since it was warned has given up its bold criticism. Even Jane has not revealed her panties since this date; and has now left for a desert island!

INTELLIGENCE

In Iran taxis are not hired by the mile, but by the *Farsang*; this is 'the distance a mule can walk comfortably in an hour'.

Arbejo, the Persian word for beer, means 'brown water'.

Why do we dream of falling?

Because our ancestors used to sleep on trees and often fell off during the night. Their fall is our dream.

Why does a horse get up with his forelegs first?

To survey the surroundings and to be able to escape from any beast of prey.

Why does a cow get up hind legs first?

Because being a bad runner she could not escape anyhow.

EDUCATIONAL TRIUMPH!

Eight-year-old Czech girl, who has had a year's English schooling, writes to her parents:

Pejğ 1

Dir Mami and Dedi

Fenkju veri veri veri veri veri mač fo the lavli eplz and perz and čiziz and tofi and thase lavli oringiz. . . .

Lots ov XXOO from Jaja.—*Daily Telegraph.*

MENTAL LAZINESS

Two friends meet on the street.

First friend: *Is it a rose you are wearing?*

Second friend: *No, it's a chrysanthemum.*

First friend: *How do you spell chrysanthemum?*

Second friend: *No, you were right; it's a rose.*

FISH STORY

Mrs. Fish to Mr. Fish on reading about the Japanese atrocities: *Well, there's at least one thing that can't happen to us.*

Mr. Fish: *What is it, my love?*

Mrs. Fish: *Be tickled under the arms.*

NO COUPONS NEEDED

Next time you tell a lie, be sure to make it wear a slip so that no one can see through it.

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE . . .

Englishman: *You should go and see the pageant in Coventry: a naked girl on a white horse—Lady Godiva, you know.*

American: *Gee! I sure will. I haven't seen a white horse for years!*

THEY SAY

At the Pig and Whistle.

There's no more beer.

Who's getting it?

On the Cabbage Patch.

The Nazis will not go into private gardens!

In a South Kensington Kitchen.

Anyhow Hitler can't take my pension away.

In a Bloomsbury Drawing Room.

Uncle John has gone so Russian that he insists on drinking tea out of the saucer. He says it may be inelegant but it's so 'slav'.

My deah! Mary is on such intimate terms with Russian literature that she calls Dostoevsky Dosto. . . . In the beginning we thought it was a new kind of vegetable soup!

NIKE

WHAT A WORLD!

'I have no coupons left and I am desperate for undies,' wrote Marian Bowler, nurse at the Essex County Hospital, Broomfield, in a letter to her sister in Eire, asking for underwear and stockings. *She was fined* 10*s. with* 35*s. costs at Chelmsford.*

You rarely see a woman with 'turn-up' trousers. The masculine contention is that, by imparting a little extra length, the turn-up helps to make trousers hang better. But for some mysterious reason women will have nothing of them.—*Madras Mail.*

We have long wondered why girls don't turn up.

An applicant for Charleston Dog Catcher listed his qualifications as follows: 'Colour, white; age 28; I dislike all dogs; little dogs, big dogs, cute dogs, shaggy dogs, ugly dogs, and even hot dogs.'—*The American Mercury.*

Probably all dogs dislike him too. . . .

James Landis, Director of the Office of Civilian Defence, instructed the Federal Works Agency 'to obscure Government buildings either by blackout construction or by the termination of the illuminations.'

When Roosevelt read this, he altered it to 'tell the people who have charge of the Government buildings to put a piece of cloth up over the windows, and blackout that way, or just turn out the lights.'

Mr. Churchill in his simple old-fashioned way said: 'We shall fight in the fields and in the streets.' Presumably he meant: 'Enemy forces will be engaged in the minor and major marine areas, and with increasing morale in adastral regions. Hostile formations will be successfully engaged in the immediate vicinity of aerodromes, in rural localities, in built-up areas, and in the higher altitudes.'

'*Men of few words are the best men*'—
William Shakespeare.

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

BECAUSE they think that victory may be achieved within six months or a year provided the Service men of the United Nations receive all the arms they need, America's war leaders have decided to streamline various phases of their production programme. The new plan calls for the abandonment of new plant facilities except where it is absolutely essential, because, leaders say, the strategic metals that go into building cannot be hurled at the enemy as bullets and bombs.

Bombers now get increased emphasis in production schedules. Henry Kaiser, one-time photographer, now breaking all records as mass producer of 'Liberty Ships', said he could build 9,000,000 tons of shipping next year. The machine-tool industry's output is over five times what it was in 1939. Last year's value was approximately 840,000,000 dollars, and this year it is thought that the rate will reach 2,000,000,000 dollars by the fall. Petrol registration is in full swing, it being left to the applicant's conscience to decide whether he is entitled to the three gallons a week 'A' card, or to the 'B3' card allowing nearly three times as much, or to the 'X' card permitting unlimited supply. The operation and control of all domestic airline planes is to be taken over by the Army. The War Department has already announced a sharp curtailment of passenger and air-mail services. Cheerful, well-groomed and forthright, Nelson knows how to get things done without resorting to brow-beating methods. A quick mover, he is sometimes inclined to have fits of absent-mindedness—makes a date with a congressman and then, without telling his secretary, rushes off to a Production Board Meeting. But Lou Landreth, brown-eyed girl from North California, who sits in an adjoining office, can rise to any occasion.

A third cut in the grinding of imported cocoa beans has been ordered. Shirt tails are to be shortened an inch or two, sports shirts are to have only one pocket, and long Hollywood collars are to be dispensed with.

Washington's police and postmen report that rubber heels made from old tyres are holding up under them pretty well despite severe pounding.

Mrs. Roosevelt told a Press Conference that she bicycles round Hyde Park but does not think of wearing slacks. Owner of an 'A' ration card, she says she will ride a horse or walk to conserve gas.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York

Exclusive cable to *World Review.*

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

WARFARE ZOOLOGY

The Milky Way

CZECH cows in Bohemia and Moravia are sabotaging food production. They give less milk than German cows. These cows are considered calm and non-political animals, whose only task is milk production. Czech cows are same breed as German cows, but the fact remains that statistics taken from twenty typically German villages and twenty typically Czech villages show an average of 2.74 litres of milk from German cows and 1.09 from Czech cows.

The Germans cannot explain the phenomenon and point out that the difference of milk production is not so large in districts where Czech farms are under compulsory administration.

Der Neue Tag, Prague

Finns Conclude

THE question must depend on the cows' personal sympathies and antipathies.

Empax Finnish Press, Sodem

Expensive . . .

IT is whispered that h.fl.100 have been offered for the first plover's egg. It is desired to prevent the first egg from being offered to Mussert. This would indeed break the tradition of years. The Dutch people's adherence to traditions threatens to become a handicap.

Haagsche Courant

But Not So Brittle

DURING recent air raids the City Museum at Leeds suffered. The principal damage was done to the bird room and to the collections of medals and local tokens. Cases containing geological, archæological and zoological exhibits suffered from blast, but their contents are intact. Generally speaking, a large percentage of the disturbed material can be recovered. A collection of birds' eggs survived a fall of 20 feet.

Nature

WARFARE PHILOLOGY

Snapshot from Scotland

A HUSKY figure, with the legend 'Canada' on his khaki sleeve, stops his dun-coloured car in the village street and saunters across to inquire the way from a group of school children playing by the road. They answer shrilly in the assorted accents of Badenoch, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, and Newcastle.

An officer in foreign uniform—Polish, isn't it?—comes out of the hotel and crosses the square.

Up and down the street move smallish, rough-looking men, incongruously dressed in slick, bright-blue city-cut suits with the silver badge of Newfoundland in their lapels—lumberjacks from the neighbouring forestry camps. A short perky figure in battle-dress comes round the corner and shouts an unmistakably Cockney 'Wotcher, mate!' to the driver of a passing Air Force tender bearing a crumpled airplane body.

Two or three women appear with shopping baskets. There is something sophisticated and cosmopolitan in their dress and bearing, and as they pass one hears that they are chatting in the clipped accent of southern towns.

In contrast to them, the two or three men—crofters or ghillies in tweed plus-fours and vast boots—who are standing on the corner outside the Italian café, look as if they could not belong anywhere else but in this grey granite street.

Of course there's an Italian café because this is a Scottish village. There is an Italian café in most Scottish towns and sizable villages. One wonders whether Mary Queen of Scots' unfortunate friend, Rizzio, brought his friends along with him. Anyway, they've all been here a long time, and are good citizens now, with large placards up stating that their sons are in the British Army.

Christian Science Monitor

Purging Italian Golf

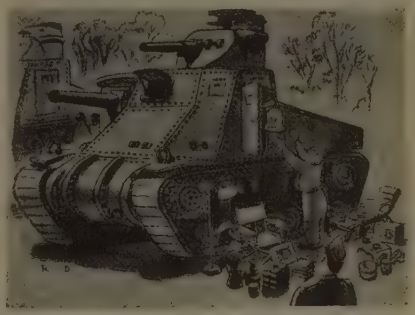
THE Italian Golf Federation has struck a severe blow for the Axis cause, far exceeding anything Italy has done on sea, land or in the air. It has discovered that the word 'golf' can be used by loyal Italians without their being considered Anglophiles, for according to the Federation it is not an English word, but is derived 'from the ancient Flemish word *kolf*, meaning a stick'. The 'Shorter Oxford English Dictionary' has this note upon the term: 'Said to be adapted from the Dutch *kolf, kolv*, "club", but golf is mentioned earlier than any of the Dutch sports.' Actually what the Federation has done is to show how completely it is becoming Germanised with the rest of the country, for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of golf as a game which probably derives its name from the German *kolbe*, a club, 'in Dutch *kolf*—which last is nearly in sound identical and might suggest a Dutch origin, which many pictures and other witnesses further support.' What the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews is going to do about it cannot be at present ascertained, but it is clear that there must be some form of retaliation. The really effective stroke would be to let the Italians have the name of Germanic origin and discover one of purely British origin, or perhaps it will merely suffice to go through the golfing glossary to discover if there is any technical term of Italian origin and remove it from use. But British golfers, shuddering under this shattering blow, will take comfort, for if they really chose the Italians could easily justify the use of the English word 'defeat', which is derived from the Latin, and which they certainly should include in their vocabulary, not only by reason of what they have already experienced in this war, but also because of what is going to happen to them in the future. *North China Herald*

Is That So?

ANOTHER United States Army tradition—that of the hard-boiled top sergeant who emphasised all his verbal directions with expletives—disappears with the training of the selective service troops of 1940-41. An official order has been posted at various camps forbidding the use of profanity to punctuate commands in the presence of draftees.

The change marks a great forward step; for officers at Fort Devens said the order resulted from letters written home by young soldiers who disapproved of the language used by noncoms. This means that the Army has a better class of recruit than formerly—one who feels he doesn't have to be sworn at to make him an efficient soldier. And since draftees are a cross-section of young American manhood, the incident indicates an improvement in morals and manners.

Christian Science Monitor



'We just get settled and they transfer us to anti-aircraft!'
THE NEW YORKER

Cannibal Cipher

THE sons of cannibals, trained as military radio operators, use jungle rhythm in their sending, which is a more effective method of secrecy than any military code. Belgian colonial officers have ascertained this by talking with Italian officers recently taken prisoner.

'At times we have had as many as eight cipher officers listening to your radio field orders,' the Italians have told the Belgians. 'But your operators' sending is so peculiarly unrhythmic, uneven and irregular that we cannot even understand the letters they transmit, to say nothing of putting them together.

A Captain, who is chief of the radio division of the Belgian colonials, was the first to attempt to educate the savages, fresh from the jungle, into wireless telegraphers. The pair of apprentices whom he taught to read and write as well as pound the keys have become teachers of an entire corps of Negro operators.

The rhythm the Congo operators use is so eccentric, it is difficult for the Belgian officers themselves to decipher. Native keymen, however, not only receive each other faultlessly, but are experts on reading messages sent by Italy's white operators. *Chicago Daily News*

Double Dutch

MANY English phrases are connected with the adjective 'Dutch'. 'Double Dutch' means gibberish. In the provinces, old people say that a person is 'talking Dutch' if he or she speaks in ultra 'refaned' accents. To 'talk like a Dutch uncle' merely means to rebuke with kindness. A 'Dutch wife' is a long bolster, or a framework of cane, used to rest the limbs in bed. The London coster's 'Old Dutch' is his wife. A 'Dutch oven' is a contraption with an open side. It is placed in front of the fire so that chops hanging inside the tin can be cooked. 'Dutch gold' is an alloy of copper and zinc, and 'Dutch pink' is not pink, but yellow. At a 'Dutch treat' each guest pays for himself. A 'Dutch auction' begins with a demand for a ridiculously high price, reduced until a purchaser is found. 'Dutch courage' means false courage. A seat in front of the fire is 'the Dutchman's corner'. 'Dutchman's Breeches' is a country name for the flowers of the Solomon's Seal, and 'Dutch cheeses' are the seed-pods of the mallow. In some English rural districts a frog, most unmusical of croakers, is called a 'Dutch nightingale'. 'As Dutch as a mastiff' is used to describe a guilty person who looks innocent. To begin a sentence 'I'm a Dutchman if——' is a sure sign that the speaker holds the contrary opinion. *Madras Mail*

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE . . .

I

Never at any other time have we had so much cause for complaint about the lack of politeness, this coin of everyday use. Wherever one listens—on the market, in the shops, at the butcher's, at the baker's, on the tram platform—it is always the same: complaints and counter-complaints. *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger*

II

Almost everybody enters any shop with a kind of inferiority complex. One has read of a grocer being sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having disposed of a very reasonable complaint on the part of a woman customer by very unreasonably slapping her face, and of a waiter being sentenced for insulting his customer.

German Home Broadcast

III

In many places the right of fist has replaced that much advertised service to customers. A strange feeling of power prevails in the new class of the mighty. Defend yourselves. Do not become dependent upon these inflated tyrants.

Schwarze Korps

IV

Rudeness of speech and mind is sometimes apparent among Germans nowadays. It would be better to answer with: 'It would be nice' instead of a gruff: 'There's a war on', when one has to refuse a request. *Berliner Borsen Zeitung*

V

Let us confess we are all a little strained and more sensitive than usual: one is worrying about a friend, another has too much work, and a third has too small a tobacco ration, etc. Someone said in a broadcast recently that he had had a great experience; he had met a friendly waiter—lucky fellow! The writer of the article has never yet met one, but he has not given up hope.

Stettiner General Anzeiger

VI

A rude man is a stupid man; for example the shopkeeper who says 'You can go and . . .', no doubt meaning, 'You can go and stand on your head, but I'm sold out'; the milkman who declines to sell anything at the back-door, and says 'There's a war on'; the Post Office clerk who shuts his window in the face of people who have been queuing for hours; and the taxi-driver who asks would-be passengers whether they are ill.

German Home Broadcast

SPRING CLEANING

WAR has not been without effect on those easily affected by slovenliness. This is specially noticeable as far as concerns squares, parks, streets, benches, etc. As a result, these have become more and more dirty. Although there are baskets for paper everywhere in parks, at tram stops, etc., people do not use them. If one remarks about this, unhesitatingly one gets an answer containing the word 'War', and one has greater troubles today than that. People throw waste paper around them and let dogs and children trample down the lawns of the parks, dirtying them and behaving as though rates are only paid for clearing up the results of slovenliness.

Stuttgarter Neues Tagblatt, Stockholm

WHAT RUSSIANS CAN DO

In Peacetime . . .

One of the most spectacular constructions of the Soviet régime is the great White Sea Baltic Canal, built by tens of thousands of labourers using little more than wheelbarrows, picks and shovels. Yet, although the main canal, 142 miles in length, had to be thrust through semi-Arctic forest and swampland, it was ready for shipping in twenty-one months. Its strategic importance is very great, for it provides Leningrad's only water outlet to Europe—since the Baltic is closed—and this is why the Germans have been trying to cut first the Murmansk railway at Petrozavodsk, and then the canal, so cutting off the retreat of any Russian warships from Kronstadt. The importance of Murmansk at the present time cannot be exaggerated, for it is the only Russian European port available for the transport of war materials which is open all the year round.

Before it was cut, all vessels bound from Archangel and Murmansk to Leningrad had to steam round North Cape and Scandinavia to get into the Baltic and thence into the Gulf of Finland. This meant a voyage of about 2,800 miles, which has been reduced to 670 miles for Archangel, and about 700 for Soraka. At the same time the canal has relieved the pressure on the railways running to the three ports. It is also helping in the commercial development of Kareilia, one of the autonomous republics of the Union, and has rendered the growingly important industrial districts of northern Russia less dependent, both for their imports of raw materials and exports of timber, on Arctic navigation.

The construction of the canal was literally an astonishing performance, for it was cut through difficult and sparsely inhabited country under a sub-Arctic climate, in twenty-one months. The Government had decreed that the main work was to be completed within twenty months, so that it was finished only one month over time. If conditions had been normal the task would have been completed within the decreed period, but it was held up by the fact that much more rock had to be blasted away than was allowed for, and also that at one period the whole enterprise was threatened with disaster by abnormal floods.

In fact, the more one studies the building of the canal the more one admires the tenacity and courage of the labourers. Little was known about the country through which it was to be cut, for surveys were inadequate. All that was known was that a waterway had to be thrust through the rocky area lying between the huge Lake Onega and the White Sea. Ages ago mighty subterranean upheavals had forced up the rocks into great heaps, and glacial action had further torn the boulders. In some places these lay in confusion, in others they were buried beneath swamps and peat. In winter the cold was bitter; in the short summer, life was made almost unbearable by myriads of mosquitoes and other tormenting insects.

In all 19 sluices, 15 dams, 40 dykes, and 32 inner canals were built in addition to the main waterway. The thing to be remembered is that all these were built in the main by hard labour, for at the time Russia was nothing so industrialised as now. Very little machinery was available, mechanised transport was almost non-existent, and the country lacked steel. Actually when the work began there were no wheels for the wheelbarrows! The huge enterprise could not have been carried through at all without an inexhaustible supply of labour.

The Nautical Magazine

In Wartime . . .

In contemporary warfare the problem of fuel is of paramount importance. The entire system of industry and transport depends upon the solution of this problem. The fuel resources are of vital importance in this connection. In spite of the tremendous reserves of

'I should think he might have trusted us with a few military secrets' THE NEW YORKER

local fuel, coal is being transported from afar to feed the Ural industries.

The war demanded a thorough change of this situation. It is of utmost urgency that the production of local fuel should be developed to the full. It will be possible, by exploiting more intensely the existing mines and by transporting more machines from threatened areas, to increase production by one and a half times. . . .

The powerful Ural is the backbone of the country. Century after century its womb feeds man. But its most treasured possessions are the simple and heroic people.

Peter the Great laid the foundations of the great Ural industries. He was the first to produce Ural steel.

The Ural peoples are proud of the fact that the cannons which destroyed Frederic II's armies during the Seven Years' War, when the Prussians had to surrender to the Russians the keys of Berlin, were made of Ural steel.

The cannon shells which during the Borodino battle annihilated the 'unconquerable' army of Napoleon were made of Ural steel. *Pravda*

Some time . . .

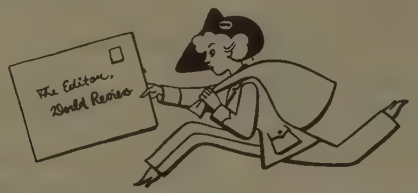
HERE is a story about Russia in the days of the Tsars.

In the Winter Palace there was a beautiful lawn, and on that lawn was a bench, and next to that bench there were two guards. Every three hours the guards were changed.

One day an ambitious young lieutenant started wondering why he should send two of his men to guard a harmless old bench out on the beautiful old lawn.

He started asking questions but got no results; but he didn't give up. He discovered a cobwebby little old man, the Palace historian, who knew everything concerning the Palace.

'Yes,' the old man said. 'I remember. Two hundred years ago the bench got a fresh coat of paint. The Tsar was afraid that the ladies-in-waiting might dirty their dresses, so he ordered one guard to watch the bench. Then in 1908 all the guards of the Palace were doubled for fear of a revolution. So the bench has had two guards ever since.' *New York Herald-Tribune*



CORRESPONDENCE CROSS-SECTION

From the Slovene Vice-Premier in the Yugoslav Government

BECAUSE there is much in the two articles on Austria in the February issue misleading to those not well acquainted with Central Europe, I venture to put forward a few explanations and facts. The first article, by the Archduke Robert, says in defence of the Austrians that they are not really German at all. The second continues the propagandist lines of the first and discusses the restoration of the Hapsburgs. Professor S. W. Gould, of the University of Chicago, attacking Wickham Steed, urges a policy favouring Austria and the former Imperial family.

The Archduke thinks it is 'faking history' to take the view that Austrians are Germans because they speak the same language. He refers to the sharp difference between them. But similar differences are found between Bavarians and Prussians and between the Rhine Germans and Prussians. So where are the real Germans? The truth is that Germans are first and foremost Germans. And that is the feeling of the Germans in Austria. The Archduke says that the Austrians are a racial mixture. That may well be, because a pure-blooded nation exists nowhere. But the history of Austria proves the old saying that the worst fanatics are not those in the true society but those on the fringe of it. The town of Gradec (Graz) in Styria—which has a Slovene name and half its family names of Slovene origin—was a hot-bed of German nationalism. Besides, how would the Pan-German movement of Schoenerer and Wolf have arisen, where would the ideology

of Hitler (Austrian by birth) have come from, if the Austrians were not German? Why all the Germanising pressure of the Austrian Germans against the Slavs, why the notorious project of a German bridge to the Adriatic for which Austria threw out so many pontoons in the shape of German colonies in Yesenice, Gorica and so on down to the sea? And this Germanisation was systematic, promoted by the 'Südmark' and 'Schülverein' societies and sponsored by the Government. Did this plan mature on Austrian or German soil? And not to go deeper into the affairs of old Austria, let us quote the Emperor Franz Josef I: 'I shall never forget that I am a German Prince.'

After the collapse of Austria-Hungary, the remnants of Austria were just as German as before. In Carynthia, there was a plebiscite as to whether the Slovene part should belong to Yugoslavia or not. This story is outside the scope of my letter. All I wish to stress is one of the main slogans of that plebiscite—'Caryntbia for the Caryntbians'. The plebiscite over, Austrian authorities recognised only Germans—they did not allow the Slovenes a single school! The Slovene language was not officially recognised.

Now the whole Slovene nation is suffering under German occupation. And who exactly were the intruders? The Germans of Austria. Not one of the professional de-nationalisers talks about Austrianism, only about Germanism.

We, who stand by the principle of the self-determination of nations, can only say—let the Austrians have their Austria if it suits them. But they will have to banish the idea of a predominating position in central Europe and the thought that what happened in 1918 was just a temporary breakdown and that there is still a possibility of German or Austrian domination over their neighbours. I would also stress that in accordance with the principles of the Atlantic Charter as well as of natural justice, the unchangeable Slovene part of Caryntbia belongs to us, and it is impossible for us to allow Germanism to gain ground by unnatural Germanisation.

In *The Truth about the Peace Treaties* (pages 957–961), Lloyd George tells how Dr. Zolgar, speaking of Caryntbia, explained how 'since 1870 the pan-German idea had become the official doctrine of the Central Governments', and requested that great care should be taken so that 'in fixing the frontier between Yugoslavia and German Austria the result of this policy should not be perpetuated'. Vesnic, representing the Yugoslav Government, prophesied that union would come between Austria and Germany. Dr. Zolgar's request was unfortunately not heeded by the Peace Conference and no attention was paid to Vesnic's prophecy. The thing they feared has become today a fortress of German strength.

The Archduke admits that the Anschluss might find approval 'in the form of some kind of federative affiliation and economic co-operation with Germany.' Certainly an Anschluss in this form would please the Austrian Germans better than complete incorporation into Hitler's Reich, but the fact remains that the majority of Austrians wanted the Anschluss and that in no other way could Hitler's intrigues have prospered. If the Press, the cinema, literature and the theatre were on Hitler's side, as the Archduke says, it was public opinion that did away with Schuschnigg.

So the picture of Austria is rather different from what was painted. The slogan adopted by the Germans during the Caryn-plebiscite was 'Caryntbia for the Caryntbians'; their only concern was for the German element. 'Not Germans, but Austrians' is the slogan which is to rescue the German element this time. But after peace has been concluded, every Austrian German will once again be first and foremost a German. That is why it is a fundamental error to consider that Austria, which is German, could ever be a defence against Germanism. We readily acknowledge that there are many Germans and accordingly many Austrian Germans whose first concern is the interest of Germany. If the Allies allow themselves to be deluded by distinctions which have no basis in reality, we shall make after this war the errors made in the period between 1918 and Hitler.

Therefore Professor Gould is mistaken when he says that the whole Nazi edifice would collapse if a revolution took place in Austria. The revolution will not come easily, nor from Vienna. Allied propaganda is also in grave error if it supposes that the Germans can be influenced by promises of a distinction between Hitler and the anti-Hitler Germans. Such propaganda will only confirm the Germans in the Allied countries in the belief that the German nation will escape reparation. It looks as if these attempts to rescue Germanism will continue. For the same reason, it is extremely unlikely that there will be a revolution against Hitler in Germany, before his military defeat. The Archduke concludes by saying that the Austrians have weapons. Today, the Austrians are using them fiercely—against the Allies! The blood of my people is evidence of that.

MIHA KREK

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From MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST
Editor *New Times and Ethiopia News*

I WAS exceedingly sorry to see the references to Ethiopia by Captain Cazalet in one of your recent issues. He assumes that Italian rule was beneficent and that because Britain is not disposed to spend twenty millions a year there, the position somewhat desperate.

I would point out that Ethiopia got along very comfortably before the invasion. Her exports exceeded her imports. But during the Italian occupation her production and exports declined and there was continual warfare, both internal and across the frontier into British territory, for the Fascists actually organised frontier raids.

The Fascist Inspector, Arconavaldo Bonacorsi, in a report to his Government discovered by the British forces, indicates that much of the Italian expenditure was wasted in corruption of the grossest kind.

Captain Cazalet says that the Italians made friends with some of the Ethiopians. The proportion was very small. Since the mid-nineteenth century the Italian Foreign Office had been working to cause disruption in Ethiopia preparatory to invading the country. Their efforts were frustrated in 1896 by a crushing defeat at Adowa. The intrigues were redoubled under Fascism but they still succeeded in producing very few Quislings. Any the Italians won over are not the best elements of the population. There are numbers of loyal Ethiopians to whom their compatriots will now look as leaders.

Captain Cazalet's statement that the Emperor could not maintain his rule without British support is an absurdity. Had it not been for the Emperor and his patriot army we should in all probability be fighting the Italians still in Ethiopia. The patriots achieved victory in the part geographically hardest to defend, where the Italians were most determined to resist.

Ethiopia was progressing very well, introducing extensive reforms in education, public health, industry and agriculture under her own independent rule and the able leadership of the Emperor Haile Selassie I. She was providing a far higher standard of health and education than was accorded to the African populations in the neighbouring Colonies under European rule.

The danger for Ethiopia today is not that we shall not be spending £20,000,000 a year in the country, but that we shall be depriving Ethiopia of necessary sources of revenue by occupying her ports, railway and all communication services.

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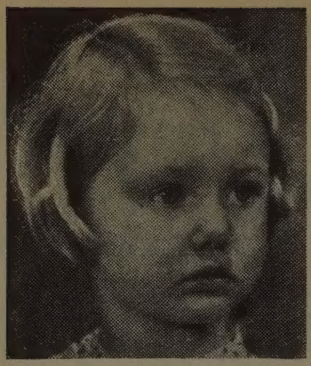

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Printed in Great Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Review of Reviews Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.